
THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. POPE.

THE

W O R K S



MR. P O P E.



Mr. Pope.

Geo. Vertue Sculp.

THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. ALEXANDER POPE.

CICERO pro ARCH.

Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant; secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium & solatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.



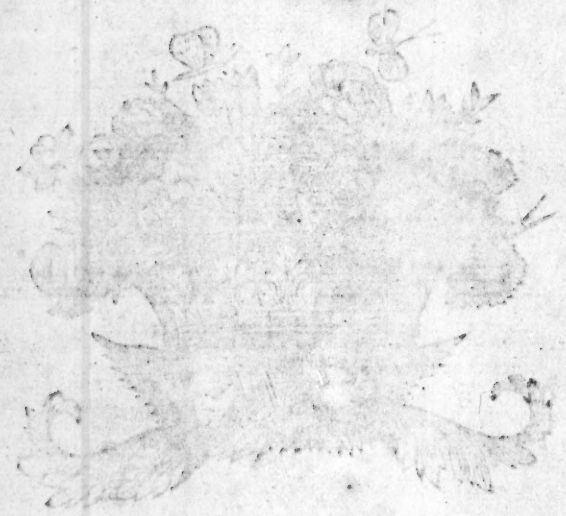
L O N D O N:

Printed by W. BOWYER, for JACOB TONSON at *Shakespear's Head* in the *Strand*, and BERNARD LINTOT between the *Temple-Gates* in *Fleetstreet*. 1717.

PLATE IV.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

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LONDON

Printed by W. Bowyer, for Jacob Tonson at Black Swan's Head in the Strand, and Bernard Lintot between the Temple-Gates in Fleet-Street 1717.

P R E F A C E.

I Am inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest; so on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken
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for granted, by the judgment commonly past upon Poems. A Critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have fail'd in an expression, or err'd in any particular point: and can it then be wonder'd at, if the Poets in general seem resolv'd not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfy'd with a moderate approbation.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-plac'd; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there. Yet sure upon the whole, a bad Author deserves better usage than a bad Critic; a man may be the former merely thro' the misfortune of an ill judgment, but he cannot be the latter without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguish'd by a man himself, from a strong inclination: and if it be never so great, he can not at first discover it any other way, than by that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: And if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect
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that even the worst authors might endeavour to please us, and in that endeavour, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting, and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere; and the rest of the world too well bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited, as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world, and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagin'd he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances; for from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince, or a Beauty. If he has not very good sense, his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger
of

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of becoming a Coxcomb: If he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence, as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguish'd from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envy'd by the worst and most ignorant; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeas'd at it who are not able to follow it: And 'tis to be fear'd that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him: a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a satyrist. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remark'd upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and
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the present spirit of the world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ because it amused me; I corrected because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I publish'd because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleas'd with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own Ideas of Poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much Genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly apply'd themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: Tho' if we took the same care, we should still lie under a farther misfortune: they

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writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent, and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one Island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one Age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients: and it will be found true, that in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtain'd by those who have been most indebted to them. For to say truth, whatever is very good sense must have been common sense in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our Fathers: And indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have serv'd my self all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be inform'd of my errors, both by my friends and enemies; and that I expect not to be excus'd in any negligence on account of youth, want of leisure, or any other idle allegations: But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live: One
may

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may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what Critic can be so unreasonable as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the publick, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have publish'd, I can only hope to be pardon'd; but for what I have burn'd, I deserve to be prais'd. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must farther acquit my self of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miscellanies, or works of other men, a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In

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In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon my self as a man building a monument, or burying the dead?

If time shall make it the former, may these Poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony, that their Author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or self-interest; the gratification of publick prejudices, or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be consider'd that 'tis what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my Remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceiv'd, meerly for my credit. However, I desire it may then be consider'd, that there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty; so that my youth
may

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may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concern'd about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing if any thing was good it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I us'd no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, brib'd no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language, or when I could not attack a Rival's works, encourag'd reports against his Morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a *Memento mori* to some of my vain cotemporaries the Poets, to teach them that when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encourag'd by the great, commended by the eminent, and favour'd by the publick in general.

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On Mr. POPE and his POEMS,

By his GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD Duke of
BUCKINGHAM.

WITH age decay'd, with Courts and bus'ness tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what Ease requir'd;
Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,
And from the Critics safe arriv'd in Port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidst adventurous rovers of the Pen:
And after so much undeserv'd Success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
It self a Subject for satyric Rhime;
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n *Homer* blam'd!

But to this Genius, join'd with so much Art,
Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,
As the great *Iliad*, scarce should make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend.

One moral, or a meer well-natur'd deed,
Does all desert in Sciences exceed.

'Tis great Delight to laugh at some men's ways,
But a much greater to give Merit praise.

To Mr. P O P E,

By the Right Honourable

ANNE Countess of WINCHELSEA.

THE Muse, of ev'ry heav'nly gift allow'd
To be the chief, is publick, tho' not proud.

Widely extensive is the Poet's aim,
And, in each verse, he draws a bill on fame.

For none have writ (whatever they pretend)

Singly to raise a Patron or a Friend;

But whatsoe'er the theme or object be,

Some commendations to themselves foresee.

Then let us find, in your foregoing page,

The celebrating Poems of the age,

Nor by injurious scruples think it fit,

To hide their Judgments who applaud your Wit:

But let their pens, to yours, the heralds prove,

Who strive for you as *Greece* for *Homer* strove.

Whilst he who best your Poetry asserts,

Asserts his own, by sympathy of parts.

Me Panegyrick verse does not inspire,

Who never well can praise what I admire,

Nor

Nor in those lofty tryals dare appear,
But gently drop this counsel in your ear.
Go on, to gain applauses by desert,
Inform the head, whilst you dissolve the heart:
Inflame the Soldier with harmonious rage,
Elate the young, and gravely warm the sage:
Allure, with tender verse, the Female race,
And give their darling passion, courtly grace.
Describe the Forest still in rural strains,
With vernal sweets fresh-breathing from the plains.
Your Tales be easy, natural, and gay,
Nor all the Poet in that part display;
Nor let the Critic, there his skill unfold,
For *Boccace* thus, and *Chaucer* tales have told.
Sooth, as you only can, each differing taste,
And for the future charm as in the past.
Then should the verse of ev'ry artful hand
Before your numbers eminently stand;
In you no vanity could thence be shown,
Unless, since short in beauty of your own,
Some envious scribler might in spight declare,
That for comparison you plac'd 'em there.
But Envy could not against you succeed,
'Tis not from friends that write, or foes that read;
Censure or Praise must from our selves proceed.

To Mr. POPE on his PASTORALS.

By Mr. WTCHERLET.

IN these more dull, as more censorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praise;
A Muse sincere, that never flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found
Art strengthning Nature, Sense improv'd by Sound:
Unlike those Wits, whose numbers glide along
So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
Laboriously enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at best most musically dull.
So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
As smoothest speech is most deceitful sound,
The smoothest numbers oft' are empty sound,
And leave our lab'ring fancy quite a-ground.
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as youth, as age consummate too:
Your strains are regularly bold, and please
With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease,
With proper thoughts, and lively images:
Such as by Nature to the Ancients shown,
Fancy improves, and Judgment makes your own:
For great men's fashions to be follow'd are,
Altho' disgraceful 'tis their cloaths to wear.

Some

Some in a polish'd style write Pastoral,
Arcadia speaks the language of the *Mall*,
Like some fair shepherdess, the sylvan Muse,
Deck'd in those flow'rs her native fields produce,
With modest charms would in plain neatness please,
But seems a dowdy in the courtly dress,
Whose aukward finery allures us less.
But the true measure of the shepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the country fit;
Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common swains be wrought:
So, with becoming art, the Players dress
In silks, the shepherd, and the shepherdess;
Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely ruffet of the swain.
Your rural Muse appears to justify
The long-lost graces of Simplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our sense
With virgin charms, and native excellence.
Yet long her modesty those charms conceal'd,
Till by men's envy to the world reveal'd;
For Wits industrious to their trouble seem,
And needs will envy, what they must esteem.

Live, and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate
Which wou'd, if *Virgil* liv'd, on *Virgil* wait;
Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight;
So Larks, which first from lowly fields arise,
Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

Killala in the County of Mayo
in Ireland, June 7. 1715.

T O

Mr. POPE on his WINDSOR-FOREST.

HAIL, sacred Bard! a Muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak *Atlantic* shore!
To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
And *Windsor's* gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care,
And *India* pour'd her gawdy treasures here:
A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of *Persia* glitter'd on our strand,
And *China's* Earth was cast on common sand:
Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay,
And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
Thy treasures next arriv'd: And now we boast
A nobler Cargo on our barren coast.
From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
More lasting glories than the East can give.

Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
Nor half so true the fair *Lodona* shows
The sylvan state that on her border grows,
While she the wondring shepherd entertains
With a new *Windsor* in her watry plains:
Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass;
The living scene is in the Muse's glass.

Nor sweeter notes the ecchoing Forests chear,
When *Philomela* sits and warbles there,
Than when you sing the greens, and opening glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades.
A *Titian's* hand might draw the grove, but you
Can paint the grove, and add the Music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine;
A new creation starts in ev'ry line.
How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
And make a doubtful scene of shade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom;
And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom:
Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre,
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inspire!
Thrice happy you! and worthy best to dwell
Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.
I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the Western beach attempt to chime!
O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!
Let me ne'er flow like thee! nor make thy stream
My sad example, or my wretched theme.
Like bombast now thy raging billows roar,
And vainly dash themselves against the shore:
About like quibbles now thy froth is thrown,
And all extreams are in a moment shown.

Snatch me, ye Gods! from these *Atlantic* shores,
And shelter me in *Windsor's* fragrant Bow'rs;

Or to my much-lov'd *Isis*' walks convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay:
Thence let me view the venerable scene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green;
Where sacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Classic store,
And made that Music which was noise before.
There with illustrious Bards I spent my days,
Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise;
Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
Nor envy'd *Windsor* in the soft abode.
The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day.
They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
That *Maro* taught, or *Addison* inspir'd.

Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string:
Who cou'd hear them, and not attempt to sing?

Rous'd from these dreams by thy commanding strain,
I rise, and wander thro' the field or plain;
Led by thy Muse from sport to sport I run,
Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy
On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheasant lie;
His gawdy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And ev'ry feather shines and varies there.

Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by,
But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly
O'er hills and dales; and now I lose the course,
Nor can the rapid fight pursue the flying horse.
Oh cou'd thy *Virgil* from his orb look down,
He'd view a courser that might match his own!

Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,

Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.

Who can refuse *Lodona's* melting tale?

The soft complaint shall over time prevail;

The tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,

The nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.

Nor shall thy song, old *Thames!* forbear to shine,

At once the subject and the song divine.

Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n *Britains* more

Than all their shouts for Victory before.

Oh! cou'd *Britannia* imitate thy stream,

The world should tremble at her awful name.

From various springs divided waters glide,

In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tyde,

Murmur along their crooked banks a while,

At once they murmur and enrich the Isle;

A while distinct thro' many channels run,

But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one;

There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names,

And make one glorious, and immortal *Thames*.

Fr. Knapp.

To Mr. P O P E,

In imitation of a *Greek* Epigram on HOMER.

WHEN *Phœbus*, and the nine harmonious maids,
Of old assembled in the *Thespian* shades;
What Theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befit these harps to sound, and thee to hear?
Reply'd the God; Your loftiest notes employ,
To sing young *Peleus*, and the fall of *Troy*.
The wond'rous song, with rapture they rehearse;
Then ask, who wrought that miracle of verse?
He answer'd with a frown; I now reveal
A truth, that Envy bids me not conceal:
Retiring frequent to this Laureat vale,
I warbled to the Lyre that fav'rite tale,
Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring *Greek*, and blind,
Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind;
And, fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,
From me, the God of Wit, usurp'd the bays.

But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
Yet when my arts shall triumph in the West,
And the white Isle with female pow'r is blest;
Fame, I foresee, will make reprizals there,
And the Translator's Palm to me transfer.
With less regret my claim I now decline,
The World will think his *English Iliad* mine.

E. Fenton.

To Mr. P O P E.

TO praise, and still with just respect to praise
A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The Learn'd to show, the Sensible commend;
Yet still preserve the province of the Friend,
What life, what vigour must the lines require?
What Music tune them, what affection fire?

O might thy Genius in my bosom shine!
Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine;
The brightest Ancients might at once agree,
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.

Horace himself wou'd own thou dost excell
In candid arts to play the Critic well.
Ovid himself might wish to sing the Dame,
Whom *Windsor*-Forest sees a gliding stream:
On silver feet, with annual *Osier* crown'd,
She runs for ever thro' Poetic ground.

How flame the glories of *Belinda's* Hair,
Made by thy Muse the envy of the Fair?
Less shone the tresses *Ægypt's* Princess wore,
Which sweet *Callimachus* so sung before.
Here courtly trifles sets the world at odds;
Belles war with Beaus, and Whims descend for Gods.
The new Machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave frenzy of the Chimick fool:
But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart.
The Graces stand in sight; a Satyr-train,
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.

In Fame's fair Temple o'er the boldest wits,
Inshrin'd on high, the sacred *Virgil* sits,
And sits in measures, such as *Virgil's* Muse,
To place thee near him, might be fond to chuse.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a *Strephon* thou, a *Daphnis* he;
While some old *Damon*, o'er the vulgar wife,
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the Prize.
Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flowrets, old *Arcadia* hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy *Poplars* whisper o'er my head!
Still slide thy waters soft among the trees,
Thy *Aspins* quiver in a breathing breeze!
Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal spring,
Be hush'd, ye winds! while *Pope* and *Virgil* sing.

In *English* lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy *Homer* warms with all his ancient heat;
He shines in Council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight.
Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like Monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
In all the majesty of *Greek* retir'd,
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd;
His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy Mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden Oar,
When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
And shepherds only say, *The mines were here*:
Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)

Here

Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious are thy new designs!
How ev'ry Music varies in thy lines!
Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
And rise in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
When *Windsor* lent us tuneful hours of ease,
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
And *Philomela* sweetest o'er the rest:
The shades resound with song—O softly tread,
While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires,
My silent harp its master's hand requires,
Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground.
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
From wit, from learning—very far from thee.
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
Here half an Acre's corn is half a sheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood,
Whose dull, brown *Naiads* ever sleep in mud.
Yet here Content can dwell, and learned ease,
A Friend delight me, and an Author please;
Ev'n here I sing, when *Pope* supplies the theme,
Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame.

T. Parnell.

To

To Mr. *P O P E*, on the publishing
his *W O R K S*.

HE comes, he comes! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
The song of triumph, and attend his Car.
Great *Sheffield's* Muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads;
First gives the Palm she fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and shows him how to reign.
Thus young *Alcides*, by old *Chiron* taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought;
Thus *Chiron* did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God.

But hark what shouts, what gath'ring crowds rejoice;
Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice,
Such as th'Ambitious vainly think their due,
When Prostitutes, or needy Flatt'ers sue.
And see the Chief: before him laurels born,
Trophies from undeserving temples torn;
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
Pale Envy, dumb, and sickning with despair;
Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
Weak to support the blaze of majesty.

But what are they that turn the sacred page?
Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all-enamour'd seem,
As He that met his likeness in the stream:
The *Graces* these; and see how they contend,
Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend?

The Chariot now the painful steep ascends;
 The *Pæans* cease; thy glorious labour ends.
 Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,
 Its prospect an unbounded view commands:
 Say, wondrous youth, what Column wilt thou chuse,
 What laurell'd Arch for thy triumphant Muse?
 Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
 Tho' ev'ry Laurel thro the dome be thine;
 (From the proud Epic, down to those that shade
 The gentler brow of the soft *Lesbian* maid)
 Go to the *Good* and *Just*, an awful train,
 Thy soul's delight, and glory of the Fane:
 While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
 " Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Simon Harcourt.

The Chanter now the painful steep ascends;
 The Parnassæan, thy glorious labour ends.
 Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,
 Its prospect an unbounded view commands:
 Say, wondrous youth, what Column will thou chuse,
 What launch'd Arch for thy triumphant Muse?
 Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
 Tho' every Laurel thro' the dome be thine;
 From the proud Epic, down to those that shade
 The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid,
 Go to the Good and Just, an awful train,
 Thy soul's delight, and glory of the Pantheon;
 While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
 "Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies."

Simon Harcourt.

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PASTORALS,

PASTORALS,

WITH A

DISCOURSE on *PASTORAL*.

Written in the Year 1704.

*Rura mihi & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius!*

VIRG.

PASTORALS.

WITH A



Written in the Year 1704.

Rome's noble & right place in our nation's
Flourish ancient, flourish glorious!

VIRG.

A
O N

DISCOURSE

PASTORAL POETRY.

TH E R E are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals, nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the Criticks have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks which I think have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world: And

as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably pastoral. 'Tis natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds requiring some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improv'd to a perfect image of that happy time; which by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it receiv'd the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd; the form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mix'd of both; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: The thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: The expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this consideration along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the Golden age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceiv'd then to have been; when a notion of quality was annex'd to that name, and the best of men follow'd the employment. To carry this resemblance yet farther, that Air of piety to the Gods should shine thro' the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: And it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connections should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient that the sentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry to have been the business of the ancient shepherds, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some Knowledge in rural affairs is discover'd. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry (as *Fontenelle* observes) proceeds not so much from the Idea of a country life itself, as from that of its Tranquillity. We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful; and this con-

sists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together, but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Besides, in each of them a design'd scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety. This Variety is obtain'd in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and lastly by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, tho' they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be deliver'd as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be deriv'd from those in whom it is acknowledg'd so to be. 'Tis therefore from the practice of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the Criticks have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his *Idyllia* are purely pastoral, but he is not so exact in his persons, having

having introduced Reapers and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth *Idyllia*. But 'tis enough that all others learn'd their excellencies from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret charm in it which no other could ever attain.

Virgil who copies *Theocritus*, refines upon his original: and in all points where Judgment has the principal part, is much superior to his master. Tho' some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them which the *Greek* was a stranger to. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavour'd to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous *Tasso*, and our *Spenser*. *Tasso* in his *Aminta* has as far excell'd all the Pastoral writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has outdone the Epic Poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in
Italy,

Italy, it cannot so well be consider'd as a copy of the ancients. *Spenser's Calender*, in Mr. *Dryden's* opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any Nation has produc'd ever since the time of *Virgil*. Not but he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His *Eclogues* are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style as *Mantuan* had done before him. He has employ'd the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His Stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetraſtic has oblig'd him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confin'd in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near *Theocritus* himself; tho' notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the *Doric* had its beauty and propriety in the time of *Theocritus*; it was used in part of *Greece*, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons; whereas the old *English* and country phrases of *Spenser* were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the basest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a
Calendar

Calendar to his Eclogues is very beautiful: since by this, besides that general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human Life to the several Seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into Months, has oblig'd him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth for example) have nothing but their Titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the Critics upon *Theocritus* and *Virgil* will allow to be fit for pastoral: That they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as *Spenser's*: That in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observ'd, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old Authors, whose works as I had leifure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate.

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say that these four comprehend all the subjects which the Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: That they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: That in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observ'd, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

SPRING.

SPRING.

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

T O

Sir *WILLIAM TRUMBAL*.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on *Windsor's* blissful plains:
Fair *Thames* flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks *Sicilian* Muses sing;
Let vernal airs thro' trembling osiers play,
And *Albion's* cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!

PASTORALS.

O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
 Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
 So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
 The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
 But, charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
 And all th' aerial audience clap their wings.

Daphnis and *Strephon* to the shades retir'd,
 Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muse inspir'd;
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair,
 In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care;
 And while *Aurora* gilds the mountain's side,
 Thus *Daphnis* spoke, and *Strephon* thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.
 Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
 With joyous music wake the dawning day!
 Why sit we mute when early Linnets sing,
 When warbling *Philomel* salutes the spring?
 Why sit we sad when *Phosphor* shines so clear,
 And lavish nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.
 Sing then, and *Damon* shall attend the strain,
 While yon' slow Oxen turn the furrow'd plain.

Here

Here on green banks the blushing vi'lets glow ;
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
 I'll stake my lamb that near the fountain plays,
 And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines :
 Four figures rising from the work appear,
 The various Seasons of the rowling year ;
 And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
 Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous order lie ?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
 Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground ;
 Begin, the vales shall echo to the sound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, *Phœbus*, in my *Delia's* praise
 With *Waller's* strains, or *Granville's* moving lays !
 A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
 That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

PASTORALS.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for *Sylvia* let me gain the prize,
 And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;
 No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
 Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherds heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle *Delia* beckons from the plain,
 Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
 But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
 And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly *Sylvia* trips along the green,
 She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
 While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
 How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich *Pactolus* flow,
 And trees weep amber on the banks of *Po*;
 Blest *Thames's* shores the brightest beauties yield,
 Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial *Venus* haunts *Idalia's* groves;
Diana Cynthus, *Ceres Hybla* loves;
 If *Windfor-shades* delight the matchless maid.
Cynthus and *Hybla* yield to *Windfor-shade*.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
 Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
 If *Delia* smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
 The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves fresh honours wear,
 The Sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
 If *Sylvia* smiles, new glories gild the shore,
 And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
 At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
 But *Delia* always; forc'd from *Delia's* sight,
 Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

PASTORALS.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
 More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day,
 Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here,
 But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, shepherd, say, in what glad soil appears
 A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears?
 Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
 And give the conquest to thy *Sylvia's* eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
 The Thistle springs, to which the Lilly yields?
 And then a nobler prize I will resign,
 For *Sylvia*, charming *Sylvia*, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend, for (*Daphnis*) I decree
 The bowl to *Strephon*, and the lamb to thee:
 Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry grace excell,
 Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so well!
 Now rise and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
 A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;

The

PASTORALS.

17

The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the *Pleiads* fruitful show'rs descend.

File drawer *SUMMER.*

S U M M E R.

T H E

S E C O N D P A S T O R A L.

To Dr. G A R T H.

A faithful swain, whom Love had taught to sing,
 Bewail'd his fate beside a silver Spring ;
 Where gentle *Thames* his winding waters leads
 Thro' verdant forests, and thro' flow'ry meads.
 There while he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
 The *Naiads* wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
 And *Jove* consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O *Garth*, the Muse's early lays,
 That adds this wreath of Ivy to thy Bays ;

Hear

Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure!

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from *Phæbus*, not from *Cupid's* beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
Ev'n hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The sultry *Sirius* burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your *Alexis* pines in hopeless love.
In those fair fields where sacred *Isis* glides,
Or else where *Cam* his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
But since those graces please thy sight no more,
I shun the fountains which I fought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;

Ah

Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces share;
But nigh that mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which *Colin's* tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death;
He said; *Alexis*, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my *Rosalinda's* name---
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder Tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy listning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives, enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough *Satyrs* dance, and *Pan* applauds the song:
The Nymphs forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white Turtles bring;
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again!

For

For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending Gods have found *Elyzium* here.
In woods bright *Venus* with *Adonis* stray'd,
And chaste *Diana* haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn, their thanks to *Ceres* yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your *Alexis* knows no sweet but you.
Some God conduct you to these blissful seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where-e'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade,
Where-e'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.

Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise;
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you sing, and rival *Orpheus'* strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove,
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for love?
But soon the Sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends;
On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN.

THE

THIRD PASTORAL.

To Mr. *WYCHERLEY*.

Beneath the shade a spreading Beech displays,
Hylas and *Ægon* sung their rural lays,
 To whose complaints the list'ning forests bend,
 While one his Mistress mourns and one his Friend:
 Ye *Mantuan* nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hylas and *Ægon's* rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with *Plautus'* wit inspire,
 The art of *Terence*, and *Menander's* fire,
 Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose rapture warms!

Attend

Attend the Muse, tho' low her numbers be,
She sings of friendship, and she sings to thee.

Now setting *Phæbus* shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light ;
When tuneful *Hylas* with melodious moan
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
To *Thyrsis*' ear the tender notes convey !
As some sad Turtle his lost Love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores ;
Thus, far from *Thyrsis*, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !
For him the feather'd quires neglect their song ;
For him the Limes their pleasing shades deny ;
For him the Lillies hang their heads and die.
Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds, that left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love ?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
Curs'd be the fields that cause my *Thyrsis*' stay :

Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but he.
 What have I said? ---where-e'er my *Thyrsis* flies,
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
 Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, e'er I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty Swain,
 Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
 Not show'rs to Larks, or sunshine to the Bee,
 Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Come, *Thyrsis*, come, ah why this long delay?
 Thro' rocks and caves the name of *Thyrsis* sounds,
Thyrsis, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
 Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind!
 Do lovers dream, or is my shepherd kind?
 He comes, my shepherd comes! ---Now cease my lay,
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

H

Next

Next *Aëgon* sang, while *Windsor* groves admir'd,
Rehearse, ye Muses, what your selves inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain I
Of perjur'd *Doris*, dying I complain!
Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies.
While lab'ring Oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat;
While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' Poplar oft' we past the day:
Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands grac'd the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright *Arcturus* glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;

Now

Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove; I
 Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?
 Refound, ye hills, refound my mournful lay! W
 The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey—A
 Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
 Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep.
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
 Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
 What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
 And is there magic but what dwells in love?

Refound, ye hills, refound my mournful strains!
 I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.—
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
 Forfake mankind, and all the world---but love!
 I know thee Love! wild as the raging main,
 More fell than Tygers on the *Lybian* plain;
 Thou wert from *Aetna's* burning entrails torn,
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Refound, ye hills, refound my mournful lay!
 Farewell, ye woods! adieu, the light of day!
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains.
 No more, ye hills, no more refound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,
 When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
 And the low Sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

WINTER

WINTER.

THE

FOURTH PASTORAL.

To the MEMORY OF Mrs. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

T *Hyrsis*, the musick of that murm'ring spring,
 Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.
 Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
 So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
 Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
 The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
 While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
 Oh sing of *Daphne's* fate, and *Daphne's* praise!

I

THYRSIS.

PASTORALS.

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
 Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
 Here shall I try the sweet *Alexis'* strain,
 That call'd the list'ning *Dryads* to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
 And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
 And swell the future harvest of thy field.
 Begin, this charge the dying *Daphne* gave,
 And said; "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!
 Sing, while beside the shaded Tomb I mourn,
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses leave your crystal spring,
 Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
 Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
 And break your bows, as when *Adonis* dy'd;
 And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
 Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

" Let

“ Let nature change, let heav’n and earth deplore,

“ Fair *Daphne*’s dead, and love is now no more!

’Tis done, and nature’s various charms decay;

See gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day!

Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,

Their faded honours scatter’d on her bier.

See, where on earth the flow’ry glories lie,

With her they flourish’d, and with her they die.

Ah what avail the beauties nature wore?

Fair *Daphne*’s dead, and beauty is no more!

For her, the flocks refuse their verdant food,

Nor thirsty heifers seek the gliding flood.

The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,

In sadder notes than when they sing their own.

Echo no more the rural song rebounds,

Her name alone the mournful Echo sounds,

Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,

Now *Daphne*’s dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from ev’ning skies,

Nor morning odours from the flow’rs arise.

No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,

Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.

The

The balmy *Zephyrs*, silent since her death,
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath.
 Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store;
 Fair *Daphne's* dead, and sweetness is no more!
 No more the mounting Larks, while *Daphne* sings,
 Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings;
 No more the Nightingales repeat her lays,
 Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
 A sweeter music than their own to hear;
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
 Fair *Daphne's* dead, and music is no more!

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
 Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
 The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where *Daphne* wondring mounts on high,
 Above the clouds, above the starry sky!

Eternal

Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
 Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
 There while you rest in *Amaranthine* bow'rs,
 Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
 Behold us kindly who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
 Such silence waits on *Philomela's* strains,
 In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
 Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees,
 To thee, bright Goddess, oft' a lamb shall bleed,
 If teeming ewes encrease my fleecy breed.
 While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
 Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

See pale *Orion* sheds unwholesome dews,
 Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
 Sharp *Boreas* blows, and nature feels decay,
 Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.

Adieu ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves,
 Adieu ye shepherd's rural lays and loves,
 Adieu my flocks, farewell ye sylvan crew,
Daphne farewell, and all the world adieu!

MESSIAH.

M E S S I A H.

Sacred Eclogue,

In imitation of VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of *Solyra*! begin the song:
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of *Pindus* and th'*Aonian* maids,
 Delight no more----O thou my voice inspire
 Who touch'd *Isaiah*'s hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun,
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
 From ' *Jesse*'s root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies.

¹ *Isaiah*, cap 11. v. 1.

Th' Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye ² heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
 The ³ sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
 Returning ⁴ Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See lofty ⁵ *Lebanon* his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance,
 See spicy clouds from lowly *Saron* rise,
 And *Carmel*'s flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
 Prepare the ⁶ way! a God, a God appears;

² Cap. 45. v. 8.³ Cap. 25. v. 4.⁴ Cap. 9. v. 7.⁵ Cap. 35. v. 2.⁶ Cap. 40. v. 3, 4.

A God,

A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo Earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise:
 With heads declin'd, ye Cedars, homage pay;
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
 Hear ⁷ him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear.
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding Roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In ⁸ adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good ⁹ shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,

⁷ Cap. 42. v. 18. Cap. 35. v. 5, 6.

⁸ Cap. 25. v. 8.

⁹ Cap. 40. v. 11.

Explores the lost, the wandring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd ¹⁰ father of the future age.
 No more shall ¹¹ nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useles lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful ¹² Son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren ¹³ desarts with surprize
 See Lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise,
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear:

¹⁰ Cap. 9. v. 6. ¹¹ Cap. 2. v. 4. ¹² Cap. 65. v. 21, 22. ¹³ Cap. 35. v. 1, 7.

On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy ¹⁴ vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry firr and shapely box adorn;
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The ¹⁵ lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the Tyger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless ¹⁶ serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested Basilisk and speckled snake;
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue and pointless sting shall play!
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial ¹⁷ *Salem* rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See, a long ¹⁸ race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

¹⁴ Cap. 41. v. 19. and Cap. 55. v. 13.

¹⁵ Cap. 11. v. 6, 7, 8.

¹⁶ Cap. 65. v. 25.

¹⁷ Cap. 60. v. 1.

¹⁸ Cap. 60. v. 4.

See barb'rous ¹⁹ nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy Temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate Kings,
 And heap'd with products of ²⁰ *Sabæan* springs!
 For thee *Idume*'s spicy forests blow,
 And feeds of gold in *Ophyr*'s mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising ²¹ Sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her silver horn,
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One Tyde of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts: The Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The ²² seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;
 Thy Realm for ever lasts, thy own *Messiah* reigns!

¹⁹ Cap. 60. v. 3.

²⁰ Cap. 60. v. 6.

²¹ Cap. 60. v. 19, 20.

²² Cap. 51. v. 6. and Cap. 54. v. 10.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the Prophet *Isaiah*, which foretell the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pollio* of *Virgil*. This will not seem surprizing when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a *Sybilline* prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that *Virgil* did not copy it line by line, but selected such Ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which serv'd most to beautify his piece. I have endeavour'd the same in this imitation of him, tho' without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader by comparing the several thoughts might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of *Isaiah*, and those of *Virgil*, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

A Virgin shall conceive---All crimes shall cease, &c.

VIRG. E. 4. V. 6. Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,

Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto----

Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,

Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras----

Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

*Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns,
now a new Progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means
of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wip'd
M away,*

PASTORALS.

away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his Father.

ISAIAH, Ch. 7. V. 14. Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son---Ch. 9. V. 6, 7. Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; The Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his Peace, there shall be no end: Upon the Throne of David, and upon his Kingdom, to order and to stablish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever.

See Nature hastes, &c.

VIRG. E. 4. V. 18. At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho---
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce early offerings; winding Ivy, with Baccar, and Colocasia mixed with smiling Acanthus. Thy Cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.

ISAIAH, Ch. 35. V. 1. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Ch. 60. V. 13. The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy Sanctuary.

Hark! a glad Voice, &c.

VIR. E. 4. V. 46. Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum---
Ipsi lætitia voces ad sydera jactant
Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbuſta, Deus, deus ille Menalca! E. 5. V. 62.

Oh come and receive the mighty honours: The time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great encrease of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God!

ISAIAH, Ch. 40. V. 3, 4. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make strait in the desert

desert a high way for our God! Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made strait, and the rough places plain. Ch. 4. V. 23. Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel.

The Swain in barren deserts, &c.

VIRG. E. 4. V. 28. *Molli paulatim flavescent campus arista,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva.
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.*

The field shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard Oaks shall distill honey like dew.

ISAIAH, Ch. 35. V. 7. *The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: In the habitations where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds and rushes. Ch. 55. V. 13. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree.*

The lambs with wolves, &c.

VIRG. E. 4. V. 21. *Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
Occidet & serpens, & fallax herba veneni
Occidet.-----*

The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.

ISAIAH, Ch. 11. V. 16, &c. *The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them---And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.*

Rise crown'd with light, &c.

The thoughts that follow to the end of the Poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of *Virgil* which make the loftiest parts of his *Pollio*.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!

—*toto surget gens aurea mundo!*

—*incipient magni procedere menses!*

Aspice, venturo latentur ut omnia sæclo! &c.

The reader needs only turn to the passages of *Isaiah*, as they are cited in the margins of the preceding Eclogue.

21 AP 58

WINDSOR-

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

*Non injussa cano : Te nostræ Vare myricæ
Te Nemus omne canet ; nec Phæbo gratior ulla est
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.*

VIRG.

N

PASTORALS

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE LANDDOWN



Non iniusta cano: Te nostrae Vire maxime
Te Necturus omne canet; nec Phaebo gratior ulla est
Quam tibi dare Vire praescripta legimus nomina

VIRG.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

THY forests, *Windsor*! and thy green retreats,
 At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
 Invite my lays. Be present sylvan Maids!
 Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid O Muses bring!
 What Muse for *Granville* can refuse to sing?
 The groves of *Eden*, vanish'd now so long,
 Live in description, and look green in song:
 These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.

Here

WINDSOR-FOREST.

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again,

Not *Chaos*-like together crush'd and bruis'd,

But as the world, harmoniously confus'd:

Where order in variety we see,

And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.

Here waving groves a checquer'd scene display,

And part admit, and part exclude the day;

As some coy nymph her lover's warm address

Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.

There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,

Thin trees arise that shun each others shades.

Here in full light the russet plains extend;

There wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend.

Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,

And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,

That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,

Like verdant isles the fable waste adorn.

Let *India* boast her plants, nor envy we

The weeping amber or the balmy tree,

While by our Oaks the precious loads are born,

And realms commanded which those trees adorn.

Here

Not proud *Olympus* yields a nobler sight,
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here,
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
 See *Pan* with flocks, with fruits *Pomona* crown'd,
 Here blushing *Flora* paints th' enamel'd ground,
 Here *Ceres*' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand,
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And Peace and Plenty tell, a *Stuart* reigns.

Not thus the Land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert and a gloomy waste,
 To savage beasts and *savage laws a prey,
 And Kings more furious and severe than they;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely Lords of empty wilds and woods.
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wiser Brutes were backward to be slaves.)
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the Elements a Tyrant sway'd?

* The forest Laws.

WINDSOR-FOREST

In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and Suns grew warm in vain;
 The swain with tears to beasts his labour yields,
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 No wonder savages or subjects slain
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign,
 Both doom'd alike for sportive Tyrants bled,
 But subjects starv'd while savages were fed.
 Proud *Nimrod* first the bloody chace began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was Man.
 Our haughty *Norman* boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The * fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
 From Men their cities, and from Gods their fames:
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er,
 The hollow winds thro' naked Temples roar
 Round broken columns clasping Ivy twin'd;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind,
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And wolves with howling fill the sacred Quires.

* Alluding to the new forest, and the tyrannies exercis'd there by William the first.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

51

Auld by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
 Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the Poor, and Church, his iron rod,
 And treats alike his Vassals and his God.
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his Sport remain.
 But see the man who spacious regions gave
 A Waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave
 Stretch'd on the lawn his * second hope survey,
 At once the chaser and at once the prey.
 Lo Rufus, digging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest, like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding Monarchs heard the subjects cries,
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious Swain.
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.

* Richard, second son of William the Conqueror.

Ye

WINDSOR-FOREST.

Ye vig'rous Swains, while youth ferments your blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the thickest woods beset,
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-thorn field the Partridge feeds,
 Before his Lord the ready Spahiel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds,
 But when the fainted gales the game betray,
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field, beset,
 Till hov'ring o'er them sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
 When *Albion* sends her eager sons to war,
 Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's fight, the host lie down
 Sudden, before some unsuspecting town,
 The captive Race, one instant makes our prize,
 And high in air *Britannia's* standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring Pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings.
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.

Ah!

Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist *Arcturus* clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare.
(Beasts, taught by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)
With flaught'ring guns th' unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky.
Oft', as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous Plovers feel the leaden death:
Oft', as the mounting Larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,

The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply;
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of *Tyrian* die,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,
And pykes, the tyrants of the watry plains.

Now *Cancer* glows with *Phæbus*' fiery car;
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war;
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rowze the fleet hart, and chear the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain,
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And 'ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See! the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush thro' the thickets, down the vallies sweep,
Hang o'er their courfers heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.

Let

WINDSOR-FOREST.

55

Let old *Arcadia* boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train,
Nor envy, *Windsor*! since thy shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;
Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.

Here, as old Bards have sung, *Diana* stray'd,
Bath'd in the springs, or sought the cooling shade;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, *Thames*! the fair *Lodona* nam'd,
(*Lodona*'s fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last)
Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone:
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waste, a fillet binds her hair,
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chace the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,

Pan

Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling Doves can fly,
When the fierce Eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce Eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling Doves;
As from the God she flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
(His shadow lengthen'd by the setting Sun)
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father *Thames* she calls for aid,
Nor could *Diana* help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
" Ah *Cynthia*! ah--tho' banish'd from thy train,
" Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
" My native shades--there weep, and murmur there.
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.

The

The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
 Still bears the * name the hapless virgin bore,
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
 In her chaste current oft' the Goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves.
 Oft' in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 The watry Landskip of the pendant woods,
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
 And floating forests paint the waves with green.
 Thro' the fair scene rowl flow the ling'ring streams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the *Thames*.

Thou too, great father of the *British* floods!
 With joyful pride survey our lofty woods;
 Where tow'ring Oaks their spreading honours rear,
 And future Navies on thy banks appear.
 Not *Neptune's* self from all his floods receives
 A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.

* *The River Loddon.*

WINDSOR-FOREST.

No seas so rich, so full no streams appear,
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear,
 Not fabled *Po* more swells the Poet's lays,
 While thro' the skies his shining current strays,
 Than thine, which visits *Windsor's* fam'd abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods:
 Nor all his stars a brighter lustre show,
 Than the fair nymphs that gild thy shore below:
 Here *Jove* himself, subdu'd by beauty still,
 Might change *Olympus* for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
 His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves;
 Happy next him who to these shades retires,
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires,
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
 Successive study, exercise, and ease.
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
 And of their fragrant physick spoils the fields:
 With chymic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
 And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs.
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye.

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er!
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good,
 T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end.
 Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amidst her kindred stars familiar roam,
 Survey the region, and confess her home!
 Such was the life great *Scipio* once admir'd,
 Thus *Atticus*, and *Trumbal* thus retir'd.
 Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 Of bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
 To *Thames's* banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye *Muses* sport on *Cooper's* hill.
 (On *Cooper's* hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while *Thames* shall flow)
 I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
 And hear soft music dye along the grove;

Led by the sound I roam from shade to shade,
 By god-like Poets venerable made:
 Here his first lays majestic *Denham* sung;
 There the last numbers flow'd from * *Cowley's* tongue.
 O early lost! what tears the River shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
 Who now shall charm the shades, where *Cowley* strung
 His living harp, and lofty *Denham* sung?
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
 Are these reviv'd? or is it *Granville* sings?

'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats,
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,
 Make *Windsor*-hills in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;

* Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey on the borders of the Forest, and was from thence convey'd to Westminster.

To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver Star.

Here noble * *Surrey* felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the *Granville* of a former age :
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance ;
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :
In the same shades the *Cupids* tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire :
Fair *Geraldine*, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly *Myra* now.

Oh would'st thou sing what Heroes *Windsor* bore,
What Kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old Warriors whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains !
With † *Edward's* acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
Draw Monarchs chain'd, and *Cressi's* glorious field,
The Lillies blazing on the regal shield.
Then, from her Roofs when *Verrio's* colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall ;

* Henry Howard E. of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English Poetry; who flourish'd in the time of Henry the VIIIth.

† Edward III. born here.

Still in thy song should vanquish'd *France* appear,
And bleed for ever under *Britain's* spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated * *Henry* mourn,
And Palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-King the marble weeps,
And fast beside him, once-fear'd † *Edward* sleeps:
Whom not th' extended *Albion* could contain,
From old *Belerium* to the Northern main,
The grave unites; where ev'n the Great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppressed!

Make sacred *Charles's* tomb for ever known,
(Obscure the place, and un-inscrib'd the stone)
Oh fact accurst! what tears has *Albion* shed,
Heav'n's what new wounds! and how her old have bled?
She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire.
A dreadful Series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
At length great *Anna* said---Let discord cease!
She said, the World obey'd, and all was Peace!

* Henry VI.

† Edward IV.

In that blest moment, from his oozy bed
Old father *Thames* advanc'd his rev'rend head.
His tresses drop'd with dew, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
Grav'd on his urn, appear'd the Moon that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tydes;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on their banks *Augusta* rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
That swell with tributary urns his flood.
First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding *Isis* and the fruitful *Tame*:
The *Kennet* swift, for silver Eels renown'd;
The *Loddon* slow, with verdant alders crown'd:
Cole, whose clear streams his flowry islands lave;
And chalky *Wey*, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, transparent *Vandalis* appears;
The gulphy *Lee* his sedgy tresses rears:
And fullen *Mole*, that hides his diving flood;
And silent *Darent*, stain'd with *Danish* blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)

The

The God appear'd; he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where *Windſor*-domes and pompous turrets riſe;
 Then bow'd and ſpoke; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide ſoftly to the ſhore.
 Hail, ſacred Peace! hail long-expected days,
 That *Thames*'s glory to the ſtars ſhall raiſe!
 Tho' *Tyber*'s ſtreams immortal *Rome* behold,
 Tho' foaming *Hermus* ſwells with tydes of gold,
 From heav'n itſelf tho' ſev'n-fold *Nilus* flows,
 And harveſts on a hundred realms beſtows;
 Theſe now no more ſhall be the Muſe's themes,
 Loſt in my fame, as in the ſea their ſtreams.
 Let *Volga*'s banks with Iron ſquadrons ſhine,
 And groves of Lances glitter on the *Rhine*,
 Let barb'rous *Ganges* arm a ſervile train;
 Be mine the bleſſings of a peaceful reign.
 No more my ſons ſhall dye with *Britiſh* blood
 Red *Iber*'s ſands, or *Iſter*'s foaming flood;
 Safe on my ſhore each unmoleſted ſwain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
 The ſhady empire ſhall retain no trace
 Of war or blood, but in the ſylvan chace,

The

The trumpets sleep, while chearful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! th' ascending *Villa's* on my side,
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tyde.
Behold! *Augusta's* glitt'ring spires increase,
And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
I see, I see where two fair Cities bend
Their ample bow, a new *White-hall* ascend!
There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
The world's great Oracle in times to come;
There Kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a *British* Queen.

Thy Trees, fair *Windsor*! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into my floods,
Bear *Britain's* thunder, and her Cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole,
Or under Southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and born by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,

The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
 And *Phœbus* warm the ripening ore to gold.
 The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
 Unbounded *Thames* shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tyde,
 And Seas but join the regions they divide;
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tyde,
 And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
 Whose naked youth and painted chiefs admire
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
 Till conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more:
 Till the freed *Indians* in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and wooe their fable Loves,
Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
 And other *Mexico's* be roof'd with gold.
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
 And mad Ambition, shall attend her there.

There

There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roars, Rebellion bites her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of *Albion's* golden days.
The thoughts of Gods let *Granville's* verse recite,
And bring the scenes of opening fate to light.
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains.
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

WINDSOR FOREST.

There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mount her broken wheel:
 There Faction roars, Rebellion bites her chain,
 And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.
 Here cease thy flight, nor with unallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days.
 The thoughts of Gods for Gracius's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of opening fate to light.
 My humble Muse, be at 12
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
 Where Peace descending bids her olives spring;
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
 Ev'n I more twenty pass my careless days,
 Pleased in the shade with empty praise,
 Enough for me that to the lifting swains
 First in these fields I sang the Sylvan strains.

A N
E S S A Y
O N
C R I T I C I S M.

Written in the Year 1709.

-----*Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.*

HORAT.

T

AN
ESSAY
ON
CRITICISM.



Written Year 1709.

---Si quid noſſiſſe velim iſtiſ;
Candidus imperte; ſe non, hic more mecum.
HORAT.

T

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

THIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

But

In

In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
 True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
 Both must alike from heav'n derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.
 Let * such teach others who themselves excell,
 And censure freely who have written well.
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
 But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most † have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
 Is by ill colouring but the more disgrac'd,
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd:
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn Critics in their own defence:

* *Qui scribit artificiose, ab aliis commodè scripta facile intelligere poterit.* Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4.

† *Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus recta ac prava dijudicant.* Cic. de Orat. lib. 3.

But

Those hate as rivals all that write; and others
But envy wits, as eunuchs envy lovers.
All such have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side:
If *Mævius* scribble in *Apollo's* spight,
There are, who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of *Nile*;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain Wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be sure your self and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

U

Nature

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
 As on the land while here the Ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.
 One science only will one genius fit;
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit!
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft' in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more.
 Each might his sev'ral province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same:
 Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of art.

Art from that fund each just supply provides,
 Works without show, and without pomp presides:
 In some fair body thus the secret soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.
 There are whom heav'n has blest with store of wit,
 Yet want as much again to manage it;
 For wit and judgment ever are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those Rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are nature still, but nature methodiz'd:
 Nature, like Monarchy, is but restrain'd
 By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights!
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod,

Held

Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just * precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from heav'n.
 The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
 And taught the world, with reason to admire.
 Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
 But following Wits from that intention stray'd;
 Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid,
 Set up themselves, and drove a sep'rate trade;
 Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
 By Doctor's bills to play the Doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools,
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they.

* *Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia
 antequam preciperentur, mox ea scriptores observata & collecta ediderunt. Quintil.*

Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These lost the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain'd the meaning quite away.
You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each Ancient's proper character;
His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be *Homer's* works your study, and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night,
Thence form your judgment, thence your notions bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the *Mantuan* Muse.

* When first young *Maro* sung of Kings and wars,
'Ere warning *Phæbus* touch'd his trembling ears,
Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
And but from nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:

* Virgil, Eclog. 6. *Cum canerem Reges & Prælia, Cynthis aurem Vellit*

But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
 Nature and *Homer* were, he found, the same:
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the *Stagyrite* o'erlook'd each line.
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
 To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care,
 Music resembles Poetry, in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach.
 If, * where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky Licence answers to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
 Thus *Pegasus*, a nearer way to take,
 May boldly deviate from the common track.
 Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend;

* *Neque tam sancta sunt ista Procepta, sed hoc quicquid est, Utilitas excogitavit; Non negabo autem sic utile esse plerunque; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit utilitas, hanc relictis magistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur.* Quintil. lib. 2. cap. 13.

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
 Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.
 In prospects, thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
 But care in poetry must still be had,
 It asks discretion ev'n in running mad:
 And tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
 (As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
 Moderns beware! or if you must offend
 Against the Precept, ne'er transgress its End;
 Let it be feldom, and compell'd by need;
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
 Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,

Which,

Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display
 His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
 But with th' occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
 Those oft' are stratagems which errors seem,
 Nor is it *Homer* nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
 Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive war, and all-devouring age.
 See, from each clime the learn'd their incense bring:
 Hear, in all tongues consenting *Pæans* ring!
 In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
 And fill the gen'ral Chorus of mankind!
 Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise!
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow!
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And Worlds applaud that must not yet be found!

Which

Oh may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain Wits a science little known,
T'admire superior sense, and doubt their own

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest biafs rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense!
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day;
Trust not your self; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend----and ev'ry foe.

A little Learning is a dang'rous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian* springs:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muses impart,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring *Alps* we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
 But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and *Alps* on *Alps* arise!

* A perfect Judge will read each work of wit
 With the same spirit that its Author writ,

* *Diligenter legendum est, ac pæne ad scribendi sollicitudinem: Nec per partes modo scrutanda sunt omnia, sed perlectus liber utique ex integro resumendus.* Quintil.

Survey the Whole, nor seek slight faults to find;
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit;
 But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine O *Rome*!)
 No single parts unequally surprize;
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
 The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's End,
 Since none can compass more than they intend;

And

And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T' avoid great errors, must the less commit.
 Neglect the rules each Verbal Critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
 Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the whole depend upon a part,
 They talk of principles, but notions prize,
 And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, *La Mancha's* Knight, they say,
 A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could *Dennis*, of the laws o'th' stage;
 Concluding all were desp'rate fots and fools,
 That durst depart from *Aristotle's* rules.
 Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
 Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
 Made him observe the subject and the plot,
 The manners, passions, unities, what not?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a Combate in the lists left out.

And

" What!

“What! leave the combate out?” exclaims the knight;

Yes, or we must renounce the *Stagyrite*.

“Not so by heav’n” (he answers in a rage)

“Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage.”

The stage can ne’er so vast a throng contain.

“Then build a new, or act it in a Plain.”

Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice,

Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,

Form short Ideas; and offend in arts

(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to Conceit alone their taste confine,

And glitt’ring thoughts struck out at ev’ry line;

Pleas’d with a work where nothing’s just or fit;

One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets like painters, thus, unskill’d to trace

The naked nature and the living grace,

With gold and jewels cover ev’ry part,

And hide with Ornaments their want of art.

True * wit is nature to advantage dress’d,

What oft’ was thought, but ne’er so well express’d;

* *Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur; id facillimè accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt.*
Quintil. lib. 8. c. 3.

Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind.
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit:
 For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
 As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for Language all their care express,
 And value books, as women men, for Dress:
 Their praise is still—the Style is excellent:
 The Sense, they humbly take upon content.
 Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
 False Eloquence, like the Prismatic glass;
 Its gawdy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
 The face of nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay:
 But true Expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
 Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable;

A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court.
Some * by Old words to fame have made pretence:
Ancients in phrase, meer moderns in their sense!
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as *Fungoso* in the † Play,
These sparks with aukward vanity display
What the fine Gentlemen wore Yesterday:
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandfathers, in their doublets drest.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old;
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

* *Abolita & abrogata retinere, insipientia cujusdam est, & frivole in parvis jactantia*
Quintil. lib. i. c. 6.

Opus est ut Verba à vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa si egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maximè vetera, ita veterum maximè nova. Idem.

† Ben. Johnson's *Every Man in his Humour*.

† But most by Numbers judge a Poet's song,
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong;
 In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
 Her Voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
 Who haunt *Parnassus* but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds; as some to Church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' * oft' the ear the open vowels tire;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;
 And ten low words oft' creep in one dull line;
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still-expected rhymes.
 Where-e'er you find the cooling western breeze,
 In the next line, it whispers thro' the trees;
 If crystal streams with pleasing murmurs creep,
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with sleep.
 Then, at the last, and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a Thought,

† *Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmine molli Nunc demum numero fluere ut per læve severos Effugit junctura unguis: scit tendere versum; Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.* Persius, Sat. 1.

* *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem orationem reddant.* Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4. Vide etiam Quintil. lib. 9. c. 4.

A needless *Alexandrine* ends the song,
 That like a wounded snake, drags its flow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow;
 And praise the easy vigor of a line,
 Where *Denham's* strength, and *Waller's* sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
 Soft is the strain when *Zephyr* gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud billows lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When *Ajax* strives, some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move flow;
 Not so, when swift *Camilla* scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
 Hear how * *Timotheus*' various lays surprize,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!

* *Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music; An Ode by Mr. Dryden.*

While, at each change, the son of *Lybian Jove* A
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow,
Persians and *Greeks* like turns of nature found,
 And the World's victor stood subdu'd by Sound!
 The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow,
 And what *Timotheus* was, is *Dryden* now.

Avoid Extreams, and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little, or too much.
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shows great pride, or little sense;
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not such gay Turn thy rapture move,
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
 As things seem large which thro' mists descry,
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some the French writers, some our own despise,
 The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
 (Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.)

Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
 And force that sun but on a part to shine,
 Which not alone the southern wit sublines,
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes,
 Which from the first has shone on ages past,
 Enlights the present, and shall warm the last.
 (Tho' each may feel encreases and decays,
 And see now clearer and now darker days)
 Regard not then if wit be old or new,
 But blame the false, and value still the true.
 Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the town;
 They reason and conclude by precedent,
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
 Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
 Nor praise, nor blame the writings, but the men.
 Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with Quality,
 A constant Critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
 What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
 In some starv'd hackney Sonneteer, for me?

But

But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
 How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
 Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
 And each exalted Stanza teems with thought!

The Vulgar thus through imitation err;
 As oft' the Learn'd by being singular;
 So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong;
 So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
 But always think the last opinion right.
 A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
 While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
 Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
 And still to morrow's wiser than to day.
 We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
 Once School-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
 Who knew most Sentences was deepest read;

Faith,

Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted;
Scotists and *Thomists*, now, in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in *Duck-lane*.
 If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
 What wonder Modes in wit should take their turn?
 Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves our ready wit;
 And authors think their reputation safe,
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side, or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
 Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise our selves in other men.
 Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
 And publick faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, malice, folly, against *Dryden* rose,
 In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus;
 But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past;
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.
 Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
 New *Blackmores* and new *Milbourns* must arise:

Nay should great *Homer* lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
 But like a shadow, proves the substance true.
 For envy'd Wit, like *Sol* eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first that sun too pow'ful beams displays,
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
 His praise is lost, who stays 'till all commend.
 Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let 'em live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years;
 Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
 And bare Threescore is all ev'n that can boast:
 Our sons their father's failing language see,
 And such as *Chaucer* is, shall *Dryden* be.
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright Idea of the master's mind,

Nay

B P

Where

Where a new world leaps out at his command;
 And ready nature waits upon his hand;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light,
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live;
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,
 Attunes not for that envy which it brings.
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost!
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
 That gaily blooms, but even in blooming dies.
 What is this wit which must our cares employ?
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
 Still most our trouble when the most admir'd;
 The more we give, the more is still requir'd:
 The fame with pains we gain, but lose with ease;
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
 Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
 Of old, those met rewards who could excell,
 And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
 Tho' Triumphs were to Gen'als only due,
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the Soldiers too.
 Now, they who reach *Parnassus'* lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools.
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 For each Ill Author is as bad a Friend,
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
 Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred Lust of praise!
 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the Critic let the Man be lost!
 Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
 To err is humane, to forgive, divine.
 But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sow'r disdain,
 Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.

No

No pardon vile Obscenity should find,
 Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
 But Dulness with obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as Impotence in love.
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase;
 When Love was all an easy Monarch's care;
 Seldom at council, never in a war:
 Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen Farces writ;
 Nay wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit:
 The fair fate panting at a Courtier's play,
 And not a Mask went un-improv'd away:
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before—
 The following licence of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold *Socinus* drain;
 Then first the *Belgian* morals were extoll'd;
 We their religion had, and they our gold:
 Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
 Where heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute
 Lest God himself should seem too absolute.

Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
 And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
 Encourag'd thus, wit's *Titans* brav'd the skies,
 And the Press groan'd with licenc'd blasphemies—
 These monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice;
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

LEARN then what Morals Critics ought to shew,
 For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.
 'Tis not enough, wit, art, and learning join;
 In all you speak, let truth and candor shine:
 That not alone what to your judgment's due,
 All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
 And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,
 That, if once wrong, will needs be always so;

But

But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
And make, each day, a Critic on the last.
'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falshoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good breeding, truth is dis-approv'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust:
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take;
But *Appius* reddens at each word you speak,
And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce Tyrant in old Tapestry!
Fear most to tax an Honorable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd to be dull;
Such without wit are Poets when they please,
As without learning they can take Degrees.

Leave

Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful Satyrs, but
 And flattery to fulsome Dedicators,
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain.
 Your silence there is better than your spite,
 For who can rail so long as they can write?
 Still humming on, their drowzy course they keep,
 And lash'd so long, like Tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace.
 What crouds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still run on Poets, in a raging vein,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain;
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence!

Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
 There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.
 The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,

With

With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always list'ning to himself appears.
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From *Dryden's* Fables down to *D—y's* Tales.
 With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own *Dispensary*.
 Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,
 Nay show'd his faults—but when wou'd Poets mend?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is *Paul's* church more safe than *Paul's* church-yard:
 Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
 For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
 But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.
 But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
 Unbias'd, or by favor, or by spite;
 Not dully prepossess'd, or blindly right;

Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere;
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe?
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
 A knowledge both of books and humankind;
 Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were Critics; such the happy few,
Athens and *Rome* in better ages knew.
 The mighty *Stagyrite* first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the *Mæonian* Star.
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
 Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit
 Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without method talks us into sense,
 Will like a friend, familiarly convey
 The truest notions in the easiest way.

Tho'

D

He,

He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness tho' he sung with fire,
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our Critics take a contrary extream,
They judge with fury, but they write with fle'me:
Nor suffers *Horace* more in wrong Translations
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.

See * *Dionysius* *Homer's* thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

Fancy and art in gay *Petronius* please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave *Quintilian's* copious work, we find
The justest rules, and clearest method join'd:
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;
Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,
But to be found, when need requires, with ease.

Thee, bold *Longinus*! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.

* *Dionysius of Halicarnassus.*

An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
 And is himself that great Sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
 Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
 Learning and *Rome* alike in empire grew,
 And arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew.
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
 And the same age saw Learning fall, and *Rome*.
 With tyranny, then superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
 Much was believ'd, but little understood,
 And to be dull was constru'd to be good;
 A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
 And the *Monks* finish'd what the *Goths* begun.

At length *Erasmus*, that great, injur'd name,
 (The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!)
 Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
 And drove those Holy *Vandals* off the stage.

But see! each Muse, in *Leo's* golden days,
 Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays!

Rome's ancient *Genius*, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head!
Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung;
A *Raphael* painted, and a * *Vida* sung!
Immortal *Vida*! on whose honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to *Mantua*, next in fame!
But soon by impious arms from *Latium* chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd *Muses* past;
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance;
But critic learning flourish'd most in *France*:
The rules, a nation born to serve, obeys;
And *Boileau* still in right of *Horace* sways.
But we, brave *Britans*, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd,
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the *Romans*, as of old.

* M. Hieronymus Vida, an excellent Latin Poet, who writ an *Art of Poetry* in Verse. He flourish'd in the time of Leo the Tenth.

Yet some there were, among the founder few
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
 And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
 Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
*Nature's * chief master-piece is writing well.*
 Such was Roscommon—not more learn'd than good,
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
 Such late was Walsh,—the Muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
 The clearest Head, and the sincerest Heart.
 This humble praise, lamented Shade! receive,
 This praise at least a grateful Muse may give!
 The Muse, whose early Voice you taught to sing,
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
 (Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries:

* *Essay on Poetry, by the Duke of Buckingham.*

Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew :
Careless of Censure, nor too fond of Fame,
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame ;
Averse alike to flatter, or offend,
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

Content it hence th' unlamented their waste may view,
The least I reflect on what before they knew;
Careless of Censure, not too fond of Fame,
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse like constant friend,
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

21 MA 58

THE
RAPE of the LOCK.

Mrs. ARABIAN PERMOR.

HEROI-COMICAL
POEM.

Written in the Year 1712.

*Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos,
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.*

MARTIAL.

Ff

THE
RAPÉ of the LOCK.
AN
HEROIC-COMICAL

P O E M.


Written in the Year 1712.

*Volueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos,
Sed jure hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.*
MARTIAL.

Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded Follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offer'd to a Bookseller, you had the good nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd to before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to compleat it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons, are made to act in a

Poem:

Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies; let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determin'd to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the *Rosicrucian* doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The *Rosicrucians* are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French Book call'd *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. The *Gnomes*, or Demons of Earth, delight in mischief; but the *Sylphs*, whose habitation is in the air, are the best condition'd creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loss of your Hair, which I always name with Reverence.)

Reverence.) The Human persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones; and the character of *Belinda*, as it is now manag'd, resembles You in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass thro' the world half so Uncensur'd as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring You that I am, with the truest esteem,

M A D A M,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant,

A. POPE.

it is now managed, resembles You in nothing but as the Airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as (Reverence) The Human persons are as fictitious

in Beauty.

have given me this occasion of saying You that
 can be what it will, mine is happy enough to
 Uncensur'd as You have done. But let its for-
 ver hope it should pass thro' the world half so
 in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could ne-
 ver if this Poem had as many Graces as there are

I am with the truth element

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Went to City, Monday in the morning.

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and H. C. Brown, 1917

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What if you're not a member of the Church?

As can be seen, the results of the regression analysis are consistent with the hypothesis that the more time a person spends in a particular environment, the more likely they are to be exposed to that environment.

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1917-18

THE

THE G

THE

RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire Offence from am'rous causes
springs,

What mighty contests rise from trivial things,

I sing—This verse to C---, Muse! is due:

This, ev'n *Belinda* may vouchsafe to view:

Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,

If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel

A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle *Belle*?

Oh say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,

Cou'd make a gentle *Belle* reject a Lord?

And

And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then?

And lodge such daring souls in Little men?

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day;
Now lapdogs give themselves the rowling shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.

Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian *Sylph* prolong'd the balmy rest.

'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The Morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught,
Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,

Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths from Learned Pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower sky;
These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring;
Think what an Equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old;
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mold;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly Vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead:
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.

H h

Her

The RAPE of the LOCK

Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
 And love of *Ombre*, after death survive.
 For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first Elements the Souls retire:
 The Sprites of fiery Termagants in flame
 Mount up, and take a *Salamander's* name.
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
 The graver Prude sinks downward to a *Gnome*,
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
 The light Coquettes in *Sylphs* aloft repair,
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
 Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some *Sylph* embrac'd:
 For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
 What guards the purity of melting Maids,
 In courtly Balls, and midnight Masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, and daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark;
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?

'Tis but their *Sylph*, the wise Celestials know,
Tho' *Honour* is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscous of their face,
For Life predestin'd to the *Gnomes* embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd.
Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While Peers and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, *your grace* salutes their ear.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach Infants cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.

Oft' when the world imagine Women stray,
The *Sylphs* thro' mystic mazes guide their way,
Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.

What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's Treat, but for another's Ball?
When *Florio* speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle *Damon* did not squeeze her hand?

With

The RAPE of the LOCK.

With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
 They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart;
 Where Wigs with Wigs, with Sword-knots Sword-
 knots strive,
 Beaus banish Beaus, and Coaches Coaches drive.
 This erring mortals Levity may call,
 Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
 A watchful Sprite, and *Ariel* is my name.
 Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of Air,
 In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 E're to the main this morning Sun descend.
 But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
 Warn'd by thy Sylph, oh pious Maid beware!
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can.
 Beware of all, but most beware of man!

He said; when *Shock*, who thought he slept too long,
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
 'Twas then *Belinda*: if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;

With

Wounds,

Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read,
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly Image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket *India's* glowing gems unlocks,
And all *Arabia* breaths from yonder box.
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to Combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of Pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,

Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy Sylphs furround their darling care,
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,
 Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

Th' inferior Priests, at her altar side,
 Trembling, begin the sacred rites of Praise.
 Unnumber'd treasures open at once, and here
 The various offerings of the world appear;
 From each the nicely-culls with curious toil,
 And decks the Goddess with the glittering spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box;
 The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
 Transform'd to Combs, the speckled, and the white.
 Here files of Pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux;
 Now sweet Beauty puts on all its arms;
 And each moment rises in her charms.

RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th'etherial plain,
 The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Lanch'd on the bosom of the silver *Thames*.
 Fair nymphs, and well-drest youths around her shone,
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those;

Favours

Favours to none, to all the smiles extends,
Off' she rejects, but never once offends.

Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if *Belles* had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets her smooth iv'ry neck:
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy sprindges we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd,
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd:
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;

For

For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, e'er *Phæbus* rose, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender Billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The Pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tydes,
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die.
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the *Sylph*—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
Th' impending woe fate heavy on his breast.

He summons strait his Denizens of air,
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breath,
 That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold.
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew;
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was *Ariel* plac'd;
 His purple pinions opening to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye *Sylphs* and *Sylphids*, to your chief give ear,
Fays, *Fairies*, *Genii*, *Elves*, and *Dæmons* hear!
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd,
 By laws eternal, to th'aerial kind.

Some

Some in the fields of purest *Aether* play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day,
Some guide the course of wandring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky.
Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Hover, and catch the shooting stars by night;
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the globe distill the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er humane race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of Nations own
And guard with Arms divine the *British* Throne.
Our humbler province is to tend the fair;
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care.
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale,
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs,
To steal from rainbows e're they drop in show'rs
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay

Nay oft', in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelo.
 This day, black Omens threat the brightest fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight;
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night,
 Whether the nymph shall break *Diana's* law,
 Or some frail *China* jar receive a flaw,
 Or stain her honour, or her new Brocade,
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade,
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a Ball;
 Or whether heav'n has doom'd that *Shock* must fall,
 Haste then ye spirits! to your charge repair;
 The flutt'ring fan be *Zephyretta's* care,
 The drops to thee, *Brillante*, we consign;
 And *Momentilla*, let the watch be thine;
 Do thou, *Crispissa*, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of *Shock*.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th'important charge, the Petticoat:
 Oft' have we known that sev'nfold fence to fail,
 Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale.

From a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stop'd in vials, or transfixt with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or Alom-stypticks with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flow'r:
Or as *Ixion* fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froaths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend,
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair,
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

From a strong line about the silver bound
 And guard the wide circumference around
 Whatever spirit, circle of his charge,

THE
 RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
 flow'rs,

Where *Thames* with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighb'ring *Hampton* takes its name.
 Here *Britain's* statesmen oft' the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
 Here thou, great *Anna!* whom three realms obey,
 Dost sometimes counsel take---and sometimes Tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
 To taste a while the pleasures of a Court;

THE

In

The RAPE of the LOCK.

131

In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last :
One speaks the glory of the *British* Queen,
And one describes a charming *Indian* screen ;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Mean while declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ;
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that Jury-men may dine ;
The merchant from th' *Exchange* returns in peace,
And the long labours of the Toilet cease—
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous Knights,
At *Ombre* singly to decide their doom ;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card :

First

First *Ariel* perch'd upon a Matadore,
 Then each, according to the rank they bore;
 For *Sylphs*, yet mindful of their ancient race,
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers and a forky beard:
 And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
 Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
 Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hand;
 And particolour'd troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care;
 Let Spades be trumps, she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her fable Matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
 As many more *Manillio* forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him *Basto* follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump and one *Plebeian* card.

With

With his broad fabre next, a chief in years,
 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears;
 Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd;
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel-Knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
 Ev'n mighty Pam that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
 Sad chance of war! now, destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
 Thus far both armies to *Belinda* yield;
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike *Amazon* her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
 The Club's black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldly spread;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
 The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace,
 Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,
 M m And

And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of *Asia's* troops, and *Afric's* sable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 In various habits, and of various dye,
 The pierc'd battalions dis-united fall,
 In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (oh shameful chance) the Queen of Hearts.
 At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
 She fees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and *Codille*.
 And now, (as oft' in some distemper'd state)
 On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.

The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky,
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining Altars of *Japan* they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
And *China's* earth receives the smoking tyde.
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
While frequent cups prolong the rich repaste.
Strait hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.

Ah

Ah cease, rash youth! desist e'er 'tis too late;
 Fear the just Gods, and think of * *Scylla's* fate!
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for *Nisus'* injur'd hair!
 But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill:
 Just then, *Clarissa* drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case;
 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little engine on his finger's ends:
 This just behind *Belinda's* neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious *Ariel* fought
 The close recesses of the Virgin's thought;

* *Vide Ovid. Metam. 8.*

As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring *Forfex* wide,
T'inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched *Sylph* too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the *Sylph* in twain,
(* But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightnings from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;
Or when rich *China* vessels, fal'n from high,
In glittering dust, and painted fragments lie!

* See Milton, lib. 6. of Satan cut asunder by the Angel Michael.

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a Coach and fix, the *British* fair,
As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!

What Time wou'd spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of *Troy*;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs shou'd feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

THE

RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful Kings in battel seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not *Cynthia* when her Manteau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment and despair,
 As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.

The RAPE of the LOCK.

For, that sad moment, when the *Sylphs* withdrew,
 And *Ariel* weeping from *Belinda* flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite
 As ever fully'd the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
 Repairs to search the gloomy cave of *Spleen*.

Swift on his footy pinions flits the *Gnome*,
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
 No chearful breeze this fullen region knows,
 The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
 Here, in a grotto, sheltered close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and *Megrim* at her head,

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
 But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
 Here stood *Ill-nature* like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
 With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
 Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.

There *Affectation*, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,

Practis'd

Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt, sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, *Elysian* scenes,
And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by spleen.
Here living Teapots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A Pipkin there like * *Homer's* Tripod walks;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks;

* See Hom. *Iliad* 18. of Vulcan's walking Tripods.

Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the *Gnome* thro' this fantastic band,
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the pow'r--Hail wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take phyfic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pett, to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy *Gnome* could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face;
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rump'd petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no foul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,

Or

Or e'er to coſtly lap-dog gave diſeaſe,
Which not the tears of brighteſt eyes could eaſe:
Hear me, and touch *Belinda* with chagrin;
That ſingle act gives half the world the ſpleen.

The Goddeſs with a diſcontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' ſhe grants his pray'r.
A wondrous bag with both her hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once *Ulyſſes* held the winds;
There ſhe collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, fobs, and paſſions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next ſhe fills with fainting fears,
Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The *Gnome* rejoicing bears her gift away,
Spreads his black wings, and flowly mounts to day:

Sunk in *Thaleſtris*' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the ſwelling bag he rent,
And all the furies iſſued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce *Thaleſtris* fans the riſing fire.
O wretched maid! ſhe ſpread her hands, and cry'd,
(While *Hampton*'s ecchos, wretched maid reply'd)

Was

Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
 For this your Locks in paper durance bound,
 For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all, our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost!
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
 Sooner shall grass in *Hyde-park circus* grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of *Bow*;

Sooner

Sooner let earth, air, sea, to *Chaos* fall,
Men, monnies, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to Sir *Plume* repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir *Plume*, of amber Snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded Cane)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?
"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
"Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But * by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.

* In allusion to Achilles's oath in Homer. *Il.* 1.

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.

But *Umbriel*, hateful *Gnome*! forbears not so;
He breaks the viol whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half languishing, half drown'd in tears,
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite Curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If *Hampton-Court* these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant Northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn *Ombre*, none e'er taste *Bohea*!
There kept my charms, conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to rome?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!

'Twas

'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell;
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
 The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
 Nay, *Poll* fate mute, and *Shock* was most unkind!
 A *Sylph* too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
 See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
 These, in two fable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
 The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands;
 And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
 Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

T H E
RAPE of the LOCK.

C A N T O V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
But Fate and *Jove* had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain *Thalestris* with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair *Belinda* fails?
Not half so fix'd the *Trojan* could remain,
While *Anna* begg'd and *Dido* rag'd in vain.
Then grave *Clarissa* graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.

Say why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?

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31

Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
Why round our Coaches crowd the white glov'd Beaus,
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue, as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away;
Who would not scorn what huswife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey,
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good humour still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.

The RAPE of the LOCK.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
 So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd;
 Belinda frown'd, *Thalestris* call'd her Prude.
 To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
 Fans clap, silks ruffle, and tough whalebones crack;
 Heroes and Heroins shouts confus'dly rise,
 And base, and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapons in their hands are found,
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

* So when bold *Homer* makes the Gods engage,
 And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
 'Gainst *Pallas*, *Mars*; *Latona*, *Hermes* arms;
 And all *Olympus* rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around;
 Blue *Neptune* storms, the bellowing deeps resound;
 Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

* *Homer*, *Il.* 20.

The RAPE of the LOCK.

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Triumphant *Umbriel* on a scone's height
Clap'd his glad wings, and fate to view the fight,
Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd *Thalestris* flies,
And scatters deaths around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.

O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,
Cry'd *Dapperwit*, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir *Fopling* upwards cast,

* Those eyes are made so killing—was his last;
Thus on *Meander's* flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring *Swan*, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir *Phume* had drawn *Clarissa* down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty Hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again.

† Now *Jove* suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair;

* *A Song in the Opera of Camilla.*

† *Vid. Homer Il. 8. & Virg. Æn. 12.*

The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
 See fierce *Belinda* on the Baron flies, no longer
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes;
 Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who fought no more than on his foe to die,
 But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd, A
 She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd:
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew, O
 A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;
 The *Gnomes* direct, to ev'ry atome just, A
 The pungent grains of titillating dust. *
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, and T
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose. T
 Now meet thy fate, incens'd *Belinda* cry'd, W
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side. C
 (* The same, his ancient personage to deck, she
 Her great great grandfire wore about his neck B
 In three seal-rings, which after, melted down, V
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown: W

* In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, *Il. 2.*

Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now *Belinda* wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in *Cupid's* flames,---but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she crys; and all around
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce *Othello* in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft' ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
 * Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
 There Hero's wits are kept in pondrous vases,
 And Beau's in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
 And lover's hearts with ends of riband bound;
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yolk a flea;
 Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
 (So *Rome's* great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
 To *Proculus* alone confess'd in view)
 A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
 Not *Berenice's* Locks first rose so bright,
 The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light,
 The *Sylphs* behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

* *Vid. Ariosto. Canto 34.*

This the *Beau-monde* shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This, the blest Lover shall for *Venus* take,
And send up vows from *Rosamonda's* lake.
This *Partridge* soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks thro' *Galilæo's* eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of *Louis*, and the fall of *Rome*.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn the ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, your self shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust;
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe *Belinda's* name!

The Rape of the Lock

This the Beam-moond shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious rays the sun;
This, the blest Lover shall for Venus take, Hesper
And send up vows from Belshazzar's lake;
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies;
When next he looks thro' Galileo's eyes;
And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Lewis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease bright nymph, to mourn the ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere;
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast
Shall draw such envy, as I look you lost.
For a' the murders of your eye, (which I
When, after millions slain, your self shall die;
When those fair tress shall set, as they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust;
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame;
And midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

THE
TEMPLE
OF
FAME.

Written in the Year 1711.

THE
TEMPLE
OF



Written in the Year 1714.

Advertisement.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame. The design is in a manner entirely alter'd, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: Yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment, or think a concealment of this nature the less unfair for being common. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title.

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THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

IN that soft season when descending show'rs
 Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
 When opening buds salute the welcome day,
 And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
 As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
 And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
 (What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
 While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
 A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
 And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

T t

I stood,

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies ;
The whole creation open to my eyes :
In air self-ballanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow ;
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen,
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green :
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes ;
There trees, and intermingl'd temples rise ;
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild, promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shoar :
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way ;
The wond'rous rock like *Parian* marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdu'd ;

Yet

Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And Poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
 For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by envy than excess of praise.
 Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
 Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:
 The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
 There names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
 From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;
 These ever new, nor subject to decays,
 Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So *Zembla's* rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;

Pale

Pale Suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
 And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky:
 As *Atlas* fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
 Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 Whate'er proud *Rome*, or artful *Greece* beheld,
 Or elder *Babylon*, its frame excell'd.
 Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
 Of various structure, but of equal grace:
 Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
 Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
 Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race;
 The fourfold walls in breathing statues grace:
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And Legislators seem to think in stone.

(Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd

Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
 In shaggy spoils here *Theseus* was beheld,
 And *Perseus* dreadful with *Minerva's* shield:
 There great *Alcides* stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds th' *Hesperian* spoil.
 Here *Orpheus* sings; trees moving to the sound
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
 Strikes, and beholds a sudden *Thebes* aspire;
Cythæron's echoes answer'd to his call,
 And half the mountain roll'd into a wall:
 There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
 The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With diamond flaming, and *Barbaric* gold.
 There *Ninus* shone, who spread th' *Assyrian* fame,
 And the great founder of the *Persian* name:
 There in long robes the royal *Magi* stand,
 Grave *Zoroaster* waves the circling wand:

The sage *Chaldeans* rob'd in white appear'd,
 And *Brachmans*, deep in desert woods rever'd.
 These stop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd shades
 To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades;
 Made visionary fabricks round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
 Of *Talismans* and *Sigils* knew the pow'r,
 And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
 Superior, and alone, *Confucius* stood,
 Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But on the south, a long, majestic race
 Of *Aegypt's* Priests the gilded niches grace,
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car *Sesostris* struck my view,
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew:
 * His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
 Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

* Herodotus l. 2. describes a statue of *Sesostris* in this manner, which remain'd in his own time.

Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
 O'er-wrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
 There huge colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
 And Runic characters were grav'd around.
 There sat Zamolxis † with erected eyes,
 And Odin ‡ here in mimic trances dies.
 There on rude iron columns smear'd with blood,
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
 Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
 And youths that dy'd to be by Poets sung.
 These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
 In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;
 The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
 Which o'er each object casting various dies,
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies.
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
 For thus romantic fame increases all.

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:

† Zamolxis was the disciple of Pythagoras, who first taught the immortality of the soul to the Scythians.

‡ Odin or Woden, the great Legislator of the Goths, who being subject to fits, persuaded his followers that during those trances he receiv'd his Laws by inspiration.

Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
 With lawrel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd :
 Of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,
 The freezes gold, and gold the capitals :
 As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
 The sage Historians in white garments wait ;
 Grav'd o'er their seats, the form of Time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
 Within, stood heroes who thro' loud alarms
 In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms.
 High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
 The * youth that all things but himself subdu'd ;
 His feet on sceptres and *Tiara's* trod,
 And his horn'd head express'd the *Lybian* God.
 There *Cæsar*, grac'd with both *Minerva's*, shone ;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own ;
 Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
 And scarce detested in his country's fate.

* Alexander the Great caus'd himself to be represented in his coins with horns on his head, as the son of Jupiter Ammon.

But chief were those who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought :
 High o'er the rest *Epaminondas* stood ;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;
 Bold *Scipio*, saviour of the *Roman* state,
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great.
 And wise *Aurelius*, in whose well-taught mind
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
 Fair virtue's silent train : supreme of these
 Here ever shines the godlike *Socrates* :
 * He whom ungrateful *Athens* could expell,
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell.
 Here his abode the martyr'd *Phocion* claims,
 With *Agis*, not the last of *Spartan* names :
 Unconquer'd *Cato* shews the wound he tore,
 And *Brutus* his ill Genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd quire,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire ;

* *Aristides*. *Vid.* *Plutarch*.

Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the same command.
High on the first, the mighty *Homer* shone;
Eternal Adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;
Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of *Troy* were round the pillar seen:
Here fierce *Tydidēs* wounds the *Cyprian* Queen:
Here *Hector* glorious from *Patroclus* fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the *Trojan* wall.
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art:
The *Mantuan* there in sober triumph sat,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;

On

On *Homer* still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The *Latian* wars, and haughty *Turnus* dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
Aeneas bending with his aged fire:
Troy flam'd in burnish'd gold, and o'er the throne
Arms and the Man in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
Here, like some furious prophet, *Pindar* rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of *Greece* the column grace,
Neptune and *Jove* survey the rapid race:
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy *Horace* tun'd th' *Ausonian* lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd *Pindar's* fire:

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with *Alcæus*' manly rage t'infuse
 The softer spirit of the *Saphic* Muse.
 The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
 A work outlasting monumental brass.
 Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
 The *Julian* star and great *Augustus* here.
 The * doves that round the infant Poet spread
 Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.

Here in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
 Sate fix'd in thought the mighty *Stagyrite*;
 His sacred head a radiant Zodiack crown'd,
 And various animals his sides surround;
 His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
 Superior worlds, and look all nature thro'.

With equal rays immortal *Tully* shone,
 The Roman *Roftra* deck'd the Consul's throne:
 Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand,
 In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand:
 Behind, *Rome's* Genius waits with Civic crowns,
 And the great father of his country owns.

* *Vid. Horat. lib. 3. Ode 4.*

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aking sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'rals there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies shew their fanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively saphyrs stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone;
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height,
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler *Vista's* open'd to my view,
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long ile extend.

Such was her form, as ancient Bards have told,
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
 A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
 Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;
 With time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
 And last, eternal, thro' the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
 The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
 And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
 From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall:
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
 Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
 Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
 Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.

Millions

Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old-age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same;
For good and bad alike are fond of fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;
Unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune reigns,
And undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r:
Long have we fought t' instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For Fame is all we must expect below.

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;

Not

Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
 The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
 By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
 Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
 At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
 Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread:
 Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
 Or spices breathing in *Arabian* gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
 Thus on their knees address'd the sacred fane.
 Since living virtue is with envy curst,
 And the best men are treated like the worst,
 Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
 And give each deed th' exact, intrinsic worth.
 Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
 (Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd:
 Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
 And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
 Prefer'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
 The constant tenour of whose well spent days
 No less deserv'd a just return of praise.

But strait the direful trump of slander sounds;
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies:
In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The pois'nous vapor blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own,
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown.

A sudden cloud strait snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
But safe in desarts from th' applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.

'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake.

And live there men who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath,
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from heav'n to hear:

To

To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd;
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry:
Ours is the place at banquets, balls and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown Dutchesse leud tales we tell,
Yet would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a Lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest
Around the shrine, and made the same request:
What you (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to your selves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,

Who

Who lose a length of undeserving days;
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The peoples fable, and the scorn of all.
Strait the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers were heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses ran thro' all the croud.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd,
On Sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd:
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith can fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politicks;
Of these, a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks, that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
Straitchang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.

Before

Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound:
Not less in number were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole:
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes,
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface, by the motion stir'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance.

A a a

Thus

The TEMPLE of FAME.

Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard, of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,
Of old mismanagements, taxations new---
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;

And

And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands
With home-born lyes, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
The flying rumors gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it, added something new,
And all who heard it, made enlargements too,
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with encrease from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lyes are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thousand vents, impatient forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below.
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force:

Some

Some to remain, and some to perish soon ;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
Born by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.

There, at one passage, oft' you might survey
A lye and truth contending for the way ;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent :
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and lye ;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ?

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of fame ?
But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost :
How vain that second life in others breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death !

Ease,

Ease, health, and life, for this we must resign,
(Unsure the tenour, but how vast the fine!)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless wits our enemies profess,
And all successful, jealous friends are best.
Nor Fame I flight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
As soothing folly, or exalting vice:
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fal'n ruins of another's fame:
Then teach me heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays;
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

Fate, health, and life for this we must resign
 (Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine)
 The great man's curse, without the gains, endure
 Be envied, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
 All luckless with our enemies profess
 And all successful, jealous friends are best.
 Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
 But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
 As soothing folly, or exalting vice:
 Oh! if the Mule might lawless sway
 And follow still where fortune leads the way;
 Or if no base bear my rising name,
 But the fall'n ruins of another's fame:
 Then teach me heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays;
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
 Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
 Or grant an honest fame, or grant me none!
 But Fate, who calls, what shall I say?
 So hard to gain, so hard to keep, so hard to stay.
 How vain the quest, how vain the strife,
 That vainly seeks the temple of the life!

JANUARY and *MAY*;

O R,

The Merchant's Tale,

F R O M

CHAUCER.

JANUARY and MAY

O R

The Museum's Tale



FROM

CHAUCER

JANUARY

AND

MAY.

THERE liv'd in *Lombardy*, as authors write,
 In days of old, a wife and worthy Knight;
 Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
 Bless'd with much sence, more riches, and some grace.
 Yet led astray by *Venus*' soft delights,
 He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
 For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,
 Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
 He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more;

C c c

Whether

Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find ;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heav'nly pow'rs his constant pray'r,
Once, e'er he dy'd, to taste the blisful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,
(For none want reasons to confirm their will)
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing :
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair,
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir ;
To sooth his cares, and free from noise and strife
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful batchelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more :
Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join :

Nor

Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past ;
But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and heav'n to please ;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In blifs all night, and innocence all day :
Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they stile a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;
A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion, and a mid-day-devil.
Let not the wife these scandalous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard.

All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,
A Wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n :
Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away ;

One solid comfort, our eternal wife,
 Abundantly supplies us all our life:
 This blessing lasts, (if those who try, say true)
 As long as heart can wish---and longer too.

Our grandfire *Adam*, e're of *Eve* possess'd,
 Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd,
 With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
 And wander'd in the solitary shade:
 The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
 Woman, the last, the best reserve of God.

A Wife! ah gentle deities, can he
 That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?
 Would men but follow what the sex advise,
 All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
 'Twas by *Rebecca's* aid that *Jacob* won
 His father's blessing from an elder son:
 Abusive *Nabal* ow'd his forfeit life
 To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
 Heroic *Judith*, as old *Hebrews* show,
 Preserv'd the *Jews*, and slew th' *Assyrian* foe:
 At *Hester's* suit, the persecuting sword
 Was sheath'd, and *Israel* liv'd to bless the Lord.

These

These weighty motives, *January* the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age ;
And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a wife :
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, and to give advice ;
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he ;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be)

My friends, he cry'd, (and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke :)
Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end ;
How I have liv'd, alas ! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell ;
But gracious heav'n has op'd my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.
But since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one ;
Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,
 To guide your choice; this wife must not be old:
 There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
 Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
 My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
 Of a stale virgin with a winter face;
 In that cold season Love but treats his guest
 With beanstraw, and tough forage at the best.
 No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
 Those are too wise for batchelors to wed;
 As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
 Twice-marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade:
 But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
 We form like wax, and mold them as we please.
 Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
 'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss;
 Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
 As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
 Then should I live in lewd adultery,
 And sink downright to *Satan* when I die.
 Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
 The righteous end were lost, for which I wed;

To raise up seed to bless the pow'rs above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love.
Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life:
Those that are blest with store of grace divine,
May live like saints, by heav'n's consent, and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
My limbs are active, still I'm found at heart,
And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part.
Think not my virtue lost, tho' time has shed
These rev'rend honours on my hoary head;
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
The vital sap then rising from below:
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year!
Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.

He said; the rest in diff'rent parts divide,
The knotty point was urg'd on either side;
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.

Till,

Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
 Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,
 There fell between his brothers a debate,
Placebo this was call'd, and *Justin* that.

First to the Knight *Placebo* thus begun,
 (Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)
 Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
 As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!
 Yet you pursue sage *Solomon's* advice,
 To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
 But, with the Wiseman's leave, I must protest,
 So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
 As still I hold your own advice the best.

Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
 And study'd men, their manners, and their ways;
 And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
 To let my betters always have their will.
 Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white,
 My word was this, Your honour's in the right.
 Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise
 As his mistaken patron to advise,

Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought;
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to Man;
At least, your courage all the world must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,
Who past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With rev'rend dulness, and grave impotence.

Justin, who silent fate, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.

A heathen author, of the first degree,
(Who, tho' not Faith, had Sense as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of gen'rous principles, and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your Lady's qualities at least:

E e e

Whether

Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil ;
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil ;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule ?
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in womankind ;
But if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus commend ;
And, spight of all its praises, must declare,
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private tear,
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear :
While all my friends applaud my blissful life,
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife ;
Demure and chaste as any vestal Nun,
The meekest creature that beholds the sun !
But, by th' immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,
And he that smarts has reason to complain.
Do what you list, for me ; you must be sage,
And cautious sure ; for wisdom is in Age :

But,

But, at these years, to venture on the fair!
By him, who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To please a wife, when her occasions call,
Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious sermon here is at an end.

'Tis well, 'tis wond'rous well, the Knight replies,
Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wise!
We, Sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause
To heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.
He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way;—
What does my friend, my dear *Placebo* say?

I say, quoth he, by heav'n the man's to blame,
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.
At this, the council rose, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full consent, that all disputes appeas'd,
The Knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but *January* exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:

Each

Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind possess,
And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;
While fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in some publick *Forum* fix'd on high,
A Mirrour shows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
This Lady's charms the nicest cou'd not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;
That was with sense, but not with virtue, blest;
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
Thus doubting long what nymph he shou'd obey,
He fix'd at last upon the youthful *May*.
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could dispute this choice:

Once

Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,
 And told them all, their pains were at an end.
 Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
 Provides a consort worthy of my bed;
 Let none oppose th' election, since on this
 Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
 Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wife;
 Chaste, tho' not rich, and tho' not nobly born,
 Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
 Her will I wed, if gracious heav'n so please;
 To pass my age in sanctity and ease:
 And thank the pow'rs, I may possess alone
 The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!
 If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
 My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains; full oft' I've heard,
 By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd;
 That 'tis too much for human race to know
 The bliss of heav'n above, and earth below.
 Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
 To match the blessings of the future state,

Those endless joys were ill exchange'd for these;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.

This *Justin* heard, nor could his spleen controul,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heav'n put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent,
That e're the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good heav'n no doubt the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find, among the fair,
One, that may do your business to a hair;
Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift, as an arrow soaring from the bow!
Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.

Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
 Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
 Consult with those, and be of better chear;
 Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
 The match was offer'd, the proposals made.
 The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
 The Old have int'rest ever in their eye.
 Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind,
 When fortune favours, still the fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed,
 Too long for me to write, or you to read;
 Nor will with quaint impertinence display
 The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
 The time approach'd, to Church the parties went,
 At once with carnal and devout intent:
 Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient wife
 Like *Sarah* or *Rebecca*, lead her life:
 Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless.
 And made all sure enough with holiness.

And

And now the palace gates are open'd wide,
 The guests appear in order, side by side,
 And plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride.
 The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
 And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
 The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,
 These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling
 string.

Not thus *Amphion* tun'd the warbling lyre,
 Nor *Joab* the founding clarion could inspire,
 Nor fierce *Theodamas*, whose sprightly strain
 Cou'd swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
 (So Poets sing) was present on the place:
 And lovely *Venus*, Goddess of delight,
 Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,
 And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight:
 Pleas'd her best servant wou'd his courage try,
 No less in wedlock, than in liberty.
 Full many an age old *Hymen* had not spy'd
 So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.

Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng,
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song;
Think not your softest numbers can display
The matchless glories of this blissful day:
The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.

The beauteous dame fate smiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her Lord;
Not *Hester's* self, whose charms the *Hebrews* sing,
E'er look'd so lovely on her *Persian* King:
Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of *May*!
The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,
Nor envy'd *Paris* with the *Spartan* bride:
Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night:
Restless he fate, invoking ev'ry pow'r,
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
Meantime the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round,
With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.

Damian alone of all the menial train,
 Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the knight's obsequious squire,
 Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire.
 His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd,
 He look'd, he languish'd, and cou'd take no rest:
 His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
 Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day;
 There let him lie; till the relenting dame
 Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned poets write,
 Forsook th' horizon, and rowl'd down the light;
 While glittering stars his absent beams supply,
 And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
 Then rose the guests; and as the time requir'd,
 Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,
 So keen he was, and eager to possess:
 But first thought fit th' assistance to receive,
 Which grave Physicians scruple not to give;
Satyrius near, with hot *Eringo's* flood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,

Whose

Whose use old Bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times.

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd,
What next ensu'd beseems not me to say;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And supp'd his cordial as he sat upright:
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast,
For ev'ry labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive squire oppress,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;
The raging flames that in his bosome dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell,
Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;
Which writ and folded, with the nicest art,
He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When

When now the fourth revolving day was run,
 ('Twas *June* and *Cancer* had receiv'd the sun)
 Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
 The good old knight mov'd slowly by her side.
 High Mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
 The servants round stood ready at their call.
 The squire alone was absent from the board,
 And much his sickness griev'd his worthy Lord,
 Who pray'd his spouse attended by her train,
 To visit *Damian*, and divert his pain.
 Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent;
 They left the hall, and to his lodging went;
 The female tribe surround him as he lay,
 And close beside him sat the gentle *May*:
 Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
 A speaking sigh, and cast a mournful view;
 Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine
 With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented *May*?
 On her soft couch uneasily she lay:
 The lumpish husband snor'd away the night,
 Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.

What

What then he did, I not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:
Honest and dull, in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed;
Or that some star with aspect kind to love,
Shed its selectest influence from above;
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame
Felt the first motions of an infant flame;
Receiv'd th' impressions of the lovesick squire,
And wasted in the soft, infectious fire.

Ye fair, draw near, let *May's* example move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love!
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd:
But she, your sex's mirrour, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale: some Sages have defin'd
Pleasure the sov'reign bliss of humankind:
Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
Deriv'd this high philosophy from those;

H h h

For,

For, like a Prince, he bore the vast expence
 Of lavish pomp and proud magnificence :
 His house was stately, his retinue gay,
 Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
 His spacious garden made to yield to none,
 Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone ;
Priapus cou'd not half describe the grace
 (Tho' God of gardens) of this charming place :
 A place to tire the rambling wits of *France*
 In long descriptions, and exceed Romance ;
 Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
 Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
 A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
 The fruitful banks with verdant lawrels crown'd :
 About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
 The dapper Elves their moonlight sports pursue ;
 Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
 In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
 While tuneful sprites a merry consort made,
 And airy music warbled thro' the shade.

Hither

Hither the noble knight would oft' repair,
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The silver key that lock'd the garden door.
To this sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,
He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat;
And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly *May*.
For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.

But ah! what mortal lives of blifs secure,
How short a space our worldly joys endure?
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!
O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!
This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,
Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretche's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.

His

His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,
 Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
 Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.
 Full oft' in tears did hapless *May* complain,
 And sigh'd full oft'; but sigh'd and wept in vain;
 She look'd on *Damian* with a lover's eye,
 For oh, 'twas fix'd; she must possess or die!
 Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous squire,
 Wild with delay, and burning with desire.
 Watch'd as she was, yet could not he refrain
 By secret writing to disclose his pain;
 The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
 Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail,
 Tho' they could see as far as ships can sail?
 'Tis better sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
 Than be deluded when a man can see!

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
 Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
 So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
 Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impression to the trusty squire.
By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
Which in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet *Ovid* in the days of yore,
What flight is that which Love will not explore?
And *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing thro' a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray;
It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
Our rev'rend knight was urg'd to am'rous play:
He rais'd his spouse, e're *Matin* bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes;
Arise, my wife, my beauteous Lady, rise!
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain;

The winter's past ; the clouds and tempests fly ;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part
My bosome wounds, and captivates my heart ;
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to *Damian* strait a sign she made,
To haste before ; the gentle squire obey'd :
Secret, and undescry'd, he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long e're *January* came,
And hand in hand, with him, his lovely dame ;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown :
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the dearest solace of my life ;
And rather wou'd I chuse, by heav'n above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.

Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
When un-endow'd, I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
While thou art faithful to thy own true knight,
Nor age, nor blindness, rob me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear,
The loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my Lady, and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And lastly that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and e're to morrow's sun
Displays his light, by heav'n it shall be done.
I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
And will perform, by this---my dear, and this---
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them, my own unequal age;

From

From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,
 Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
 For who that once possess't those heav'nly charms,
 Cou'd live one moment, absent from thy arms?

He ceas'd, and *May* with modest grace reply'd ;
 (Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd :)
 Heav'n knows, (with that a tender sigh she drew)
 I have a soul to save as well as you ;
 And, what no less you to my charge commend,
 My dearest honour, will to death defend.
 To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
 And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band :
 Yet after this, if you distrust my care,
 Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear.

First may the yawning earth her bosome rend,
 And let me hence to hell alive descend ;
 Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
 Sow'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well :
 E're I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
 Or once renounce the honour of my race.
 For know, sir knight, of gentle blood I came,
 I loath a whore, and startle at the name.

But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their Ladies to suspect:
Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me?
These doubts and fears of female constancy?
This chime still rings in ev'ry Lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear.

Thus while she spoke, a sidelong glance she cast,
Where *Damian* kneeling, worshipp'd as she past.
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a Peartree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
Thither th' obsequious squire address'd his pace,
And climbing, in the summit took his place;
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heav'nly progress thro' the *Twins* had run;
And *Jove*, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields.
Clear was the day, and *Phœbus* rising bright,
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light;

He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The Fairies sported on the garden's side,
And, in the midst, their Monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the lightfoot Ladies round,
The knights so nimbly o'er the greensword bound,
That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daiesies search'd the flow'ry plain;
While on a bank reclin'd of rising green,
Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man:
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.

Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble *Solomon*,
A wiser monarch never saw the sun:
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
For sagely hast thou said; Of all mankind,
One only just, and righteous, hope to find:

But

But should'st thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman were not to be found.

Thus says the King who knew your wickedness;
The son of *Sirach* testifies no less.

So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all;

As well you view the Leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable knight you see:

But since he's blind and old, (a helpless case)
His squire shall cuckold him before your face.

Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful scepter which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong.

I will this instant undeceive the knight,
And, in the very act, restore his sight:

And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these Ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.

And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed?

Now, by my mother's soul, it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.

For

For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
 And all the sex in each succeeding age ;
 Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
 And fortify their crimes with confidence.
 Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
 Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place ;
 All they shall need is to protest, and swear,
 Breath a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear ;
 Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
 Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What tho' this flandrous *Jew*, this *Solomon*,
 Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one ?
 The wiser wits of later times declare,
 How constant, chaste, and virtuous, women are :
 Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
 Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death ;
 And witness next what *Roman* authors tell,
 How *Arria*, *Portia*, and *Lucretia* fell.

But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
 And men interpret texts, why shou'd not we ?

By

By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sov'reign goodness dwells in Him alone;
Who only is, and is but only one.
But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that *Solomon* has said?
What tho' this King (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of hosts;
He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for Idol-gods, or more.
Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank leacher and idolater;
Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ,
Did but for *David's* righteous sake permit;
David, the monarch after heav'n's own mind,
Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak;
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
By heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must, and will oppose.

Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam be not wroth;
 I yield it up; but since I gave my oath,
 That this much-injur'd knight again thou'd see;
 It must be done—I am a King, said he,
 And one, whose faith has ever sacred been.

And so has mine, (she said)---I am a Queen!
 Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
 And thus an end of all dispute I make:
 Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,
 It is not in our sex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroic strain,
 And to the knight our story turns again;
 Who in the garden, with his lovely *May*,
 Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:
 This was his song; “ Oh kind and constant be,
 “ Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
 By easy steps to where the Peartree grew:
 The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love
 Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
 She stopp'd, and sighing: oh good Gods, she cry'd,
 What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side?

O for

O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
Help, for the love of heav'n's immortal Queen!
Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!
Sore sigh'd the knight to hear his Lady's cry,
But cou'd not climb, and had no servant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eyesight too,
What cou'd, alas! the helpless husband do?
And must I languish then, she said, and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;
Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain;
With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle Ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd;
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.

What

What feats the Lady in the tree might do,
 I pass, as gambols never known to you ;
 But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
 Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring knight
 Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
 Strait on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
 As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent ;
 But when he saw his bosom-wife so drest,
 His rage was such as cannot be exprest :
 Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
 With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky :
 He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair ;
 Death ! hell ! and furies ! what dost thou do there ?

What ails my lord, the trembling dame reply'd,
 I thought your patience had been better try'd :
 Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
 This my reward for having cur'd the blind ?
 Why was I taught to make my husband see,
 By struggling with a man upon a tree ?
 Did I, for this, the pow'r of magic prove ?
 Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love !

If

If this be struggling, by this holy light,
 'Tis struggling with a vengeance, (quoth the knight)
 So heav'n preserve the fight it has restor'd,
 As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
 Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell
 As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.

Guard me, good angels! cry'd the gentle May,
 Pray heav'n, this magic work the proper way!
 Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
 You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me:
 So help me fates, as 'tis no perfect fight,
 But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.

What I have said, (quoth he) I must maintain,
 For by th' immortal pow'rs, it seem'd too plain—
 By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,
 (Reply'd the dame) are these the thanks I find?
 Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!
 She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
 The ready tears apace began to flow,
 And as they fell, she wip'd from either eye
 The drops, (for women, when they list, can cry.)

The knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd
 Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he chear'd.
 Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;
 Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
 Excuse me, dear, if ought amiss was said,
 For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
 Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
 By heav'n, I swore but what I thought I saw.

Ah my lov'd Lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)
 On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.
 But till your sight's establish'd, for a while,
 Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.
 Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
 The balls seem wounded with the piercing ray,
 And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.
 So just recov'ring from the shades of night,
 Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
 Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before your
 fight.

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;
 Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem!

Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.

With that, she leap'd into her Lord's embrace,
With well-dissembled virtue in her face:
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.

Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take,
And pray, to crown the pleasures of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives.

21 MA 58

And pray, to crown the pleasures of their lives,
 To be so well beloved by their wives, as that
 They may be able to give them the same
 Pleasures which they themselves receive.
 Then, Sir, Descartes, who was a great
 Man, and a great Scholar, and a great
 Philosopher, and a great Mathematician,

THE
WIFE of BATH
HER
PROLOGUE,
FROM
CHAUCER.

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THE

WIFE OF BATH

HER

PROLOGUE



FROM

CHAUCEER.

IN

T H E
W I F E of B A T H.
F R O M
C H A U C E R.

BEhold the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have born a part;
I was my self the scourge that caus'd the smart;
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;

Whence

Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the *Samaritan* :
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd ;
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.

Encrease and multiply was heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too, " Let men their fires and mothers leave,
" And to their dearer wives for ever cleave.
More wives than one by *Solomon* were try'd,
Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.
I've had my self full many a merry fit,
And trust in heav'n I may have many yet.
For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed, than burn ;
There's danger in assembling fire and tow,
I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.

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The same Apostle too has elfewhere own'd
No precept for virginity he found:
'Tis but a counfel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counfel, or our will.

I envy not their blifs, if he or ſhe
Think fit to live in perfect chaſtity,
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I, for a few flight ſpots, am not ſo nice.
Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on theſe beſtows
One proper gift, another grants to thoſe:
Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to ſell his ſtore,
And give up all his ſubſtance to the poor;
Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny;
But, by your leave, divines, ſo am not I.

Full many a faint, ſince firſt the world began,
Liv'd an unſpotted maid in ſpite of man:
Let ſuch (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honeſt wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the poſt aſſign'd by heav'n,
And uſe the copious talent it has giv'n;
Let my good ſpouſe pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reckning ev'ry night;

His proper body is not his, but mine;
For so said *Paul*, and *Paul's* a sound divine.

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad,
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride:
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest, without much loss, I could resign.
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.

Presents flow'd in apace: with show'rs of gold,
They made their court, like *Jupiter* of old,
If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sov'reign wives! give ear, and understand;
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
For never was it giv'n to mortal man,
To lye so boldly as we women can.
Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.

Hark old Sir *Paul* ('twas thus I us'd to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?

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Treated,

Treated, care's'd, where-e'er she's pleas'd to roam
 I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home
 Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
 Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?
 If I but see a cousin or a friend,
 Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!
 But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
 Then preach till midnight in your easy chair,
 Cry wives are false, and ev'ry woman evil;
 And give up all that's female to the devil.
 If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
 If rich, she keeps her Priest, or something worse;
 If highly born, intolerably vain;
 Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain:
 Now gaily mad, now sourly splenetic,
 Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick!
 If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
 By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side.
 If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
 Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,
 Or else she dances with becoming grace,
 Or shape excuses the defects of face.

There

There swims no goose so grey, but, soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels e're they buy:
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake,
Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!
If, by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd,
Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd:
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day:
Then must my Nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid,
And endless treats, and endless visits paid,
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

On *Jenkin* too you cast a squinting eye;
What? can your prentice raise your jealousy?

Fresh

Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
I'd scorn your prentice, should you die to morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool: nor shall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to your self alone.
One you shall quit---in spight of both your eyes---
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will,
"Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell.
"Take all the freedoms of a married life;
"I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife.

Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare?
Tho' all the day I take and give delight,
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay.

The Cat, if you but findge her tabby skin,
 The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
 But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
 Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun;
 She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad
 To show her furr, and to be catterwaw'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
 These three right ancient, venerable fires.
 I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do—
 And told 'em false, but *Jenkin* swore 'twas true.
 I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine:
 And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
 I tax'd them oft' with wenching and amours,
 When their weak legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;
 And swore the rambles that I took by night,
 Were all to spy what damfels they bedight.
 That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
 For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth:
 Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
 To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
 By this nice conduct and this prudent course,
 By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem and force,
 The

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I still

I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.
If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
What? so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd,
I levied first a tax upon his need,
Then let him---'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our Sex is to be sold!
With empty hands no taffels you can lure,
But fulsom love for gain we can endure:
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kifs, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces, curses oft' I mixt,
Then kifs'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sate at table.
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,
" *Billy*, my dear, how sheepishly you look?
" Approach, my spouse, and let me kifs thy cheek,
" Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek!

" Of

- " Of *Job's* great patience since so oft' you preach,
 " Well should you practise, who so well can teach.
 " 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
 " But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
 " Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
 " Who puts a period to domestic strife!
 " One of us two must rule, and one obey;
 " And since in man right reason bears the sway,
 " Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
 " The wives of all our race have ever rul'd
 " Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
 " Eye, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;
 " What? would you have me to your self alone?
 " Why take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part;
 " Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
 " Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
 " You little think what custom I could have?
 " But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame!
 " What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame.
 " Thus with my first three Lords I pass my life;
 " A very woman, and a very wife!

What fums from these old spouses I could raise,
 Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
 Tho' past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
 Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a Pye,
 In country dances still I bore the bell,
 And sung as sweet as evening *Philomel*.
 To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
 Full oft' I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
 Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
 And warm the swelling veins to feats of love.
 For 'tis as sure, as cold ingenders hail,
 A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail;
 Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
 As all true gamesters by experience know.
 But oh good Gods! whene'er a thought I cast,
 On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
 To find in pleasures I have had my part,
 Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
 This wicked world was once my dear delight;
 Now all my conquests, all my charms good night!
 The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
 Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
 He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two:
 But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say,
 Not with my body, in a filthy way—
 But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;
 And view'd a friend, with eyes so very kind,
 As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry
 With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.
 His soul, I hope, enjoys perpetual glory,
 For here on earth I was his purgatory.
 Oft', when his shoe the most severely wrung,
 He put on careless airs, and fate and sung.
 How sore I gall'd him, only heav'n could know,
 And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
 He dy'd when last from pilgrimage I came,
 With other gossips, from *Jerusalem*;
 And now lies buried underneath a Rood,
 Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.
 A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,
 Than that *Mausolus'* pious widow plac'd,
 Or where inshrind the great *Darius* lay;
 But cost on graves is merely thrown away.

The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So blest the good man's soul, I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best;
(Kind heav'n afford him everlasting rest)

Full hearty was his love, and I can shew
The tokens on my ribs, in black and blew:

Yet, with a knock, my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.

How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains:

Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
Of *Oxford* he, a most egregious clerk:

He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one dame *Alison*.

Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish Priest could do.

To her I told whatever could befall;
Had but my husband piss'd against a wall,

Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She---and my niece---and one more worthy wife,

Had

Had known it all : what most he would conceal,
 To these I made no scruple to reveal.
 Oft' has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,
 That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befel, in holy time of *Lent*,
 That oft' a day I to this gossip went ;
 (My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)
 From house to house we rambled up and down,
 This clerk, my self, and my good neighbour *Alice*,
 To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales ;
 Visits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,
 And march'd in ev'ry holy Masquerade,
 The stations duly, and the vigils kept ;
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
 At sermons too I shone in scarlet gay ;
 The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array ;
 The cause was this ; I wore it ev'ry day.

'Twas when fresh *May* her early blossoms yields,
 The clerk and I were walking in the fields.
 We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
 I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,

Had

If

If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We strait struck hands; the bargain was agreed;
I still have shifts against a time of need:
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him:
If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretel, as learned men have shown:
All this I said; but Dream, first, I had none,
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lye---and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we past;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last!
I tore my gown, I foil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows---must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did---not shed.
The good man's coffin to the Church was born;
Around, the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn.

But as he march'd, good Gods! he shew'd a pair
Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!
Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be;
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame.
A Conjuror once, that deeply could divine,
Assur'd me, *Mars* in *Taurus* was my sign.
As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!
Fair *Venus* gave me fire, and sprightly grace,
And *Mars* assurance, and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale: a month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.
All I possess'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, mony, house, and land:
But oft' repented, and repent it still;
He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will:
Nay once by heav'n he struck me on the face;
Hear but the fact, and judge your selves the case.

Stubborn

Stubborn as any lioness was I;
And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so, in spite of all he swore.
He, against this, right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes;
Tell how the *Roman* matrons led their life,
Of *Gracchus*' mother, and *Duilius*' wife;
And chose the sermon, as beseem'd his wit,
With some grave sentence out of holy writ.
Oft' would he say, Who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fools-cap and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatise oft' at evening read,
Where divers authors (whom the dev'l confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound.

Valerius,

Valerius, whole; and of *St. Jerome*, part;
Chrysippus and *Tertullian*; *Ovid's Art*;
Solomon's proverbs, *Eloisa's* loves;
 And many more than sure the Church approves.
 More legends were there here, of wicked wives,
 Than good, in all the Bible and Saint's-lives.
 Who drew the Lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a Man.
 But cou'd we women write as scholars can,
 Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness,
 Than all the sons of *Adam* can redress.
 Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
 And *Venus* sets e're *Mercury* can rise,
 Those play the scholars who can't play the men;
 And use that weapon which they have, their pen;
 When old, and past the relish of delight,
 Then down they sit, and in their dotage write
 That not one woman keeps her marriage vow.
 (This by the way, but to my purpose now.)

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
 Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
 How the first female (as the scriptures shew)
 Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe;

How

How *Sampson* fell; and he whom *Dejanire*
 Wrap'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
 How curs'd *Eryphile* her Lord betray'd,
 And the dire ambush *Clytemnestra* lay'd.
 But what most pleas'd him was the *Cretan* dame,
 And husband-bull---oh monstrous! fie, for shame!

He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
 How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,
 How many piss-pots on the sage she threw;
 Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
 Rain follows thunder, that was all he said.

He read, how *Arius* to his friend complain'd,
 A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
 On which three wives successively had twin'd
 A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
 Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend) oh where?
 For better fruit did never orchard bear!
 Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
 And in my garden planted shall it be!

Then how two wives their lord's destruction prove,
 Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love;

That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught;
 And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought,
 The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,
 Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
 And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
 And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
 All this he read, and read with great devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,
 But when no end of these vile tales I found,
 When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
 And half the night was thus consum'd in vain;
 Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
 And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
 With that my husband in a fury rose,
 And down he settled me with hearty blows:
 I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;
 Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd)
 Yet I forgive thee---take my last embrace.
 He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face;
 I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
 Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!

But

But after many a hearty struggle past,
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,
Do what you list, the term of all your life :
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws ;
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land ;
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand. }
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below :
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save !

The WIFE of BATH

But sleep many a heavy struggle pass,
 And I am recommended to be pleased at last.
 Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,
 Do what you list, the term of all your life.
 I took to heart the merits of the cause,
 And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;
 Keen'd the reins of absolute command,
 With all the government of house and land;
 And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
 As for the volume that revild the dames,
 I was torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
 Now heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow
 Pleasures above, for tortures felt below;
 That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
 And bless those souls **32** who yet help'd to save!
 Then high and low, I look'd for my dear friend,
 And all my friends were gone, and all my friends were dead.
 Then high and low, I look'd for my dear friend,
 And all my friends were gone, and all my friends were dead.

I lost for her husband mix'd a poisonous draught

And thus for full an anxious pillow brought.

The nimble Jane soon seiz'd his giddy head,

And in the morning dead

And lo! have hammer'd nails into their brain.

And some have drench'd with a deadly potion

All this he read, and read with great devotion

Long mused, and well, and thoughtfully

When still he read, and thought, and read again

And half the night was thus employed in vain

Provided to vengeance, thus large leaves I tore

And with a bitter-sweet perfume the floor

With myrrour and with rose and with the best

And down stolled me with heavy blows

Ask not the gods what misery they did

The day I lived, and the day I died

Love taught me to love, and love taught me to die

He wept, kind words and flood of tears

I took him in my arms as I had died

Then sigh'd and cry'd, my dear, my dear

S A P H O

T O

P H A N



S O V I D

To thy remembrance I am, as to thy love I am
Ask not, we can't that I now think's choice
The same reflected, and the same
Love taught my tears in ladder, now I know I
And can't my heart to change of a blank, now
I know I can't, as in a word, the same
By thy eyes, I know, I know, I know

S A P H O

T O

P H A O N.

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
 Can *Phaon's* eyes forget his *Sapho's* hand?
 Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
 To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
 Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse,
 The Lute neglected, and the Lyric muse;
 Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
 And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.
 I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
 By driving winds the spreading flames are born!

Phaon

Phaon to *Aetna's* scorching fields retires,
 While I consume with more than *Aetna's* fires!
 No more my soul a charm in music finds,
 Music has charms alone for peaceful minds:
 Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
 Love enters there, and I'm my own disease:
 No more the *Lesbian* dames my passion move,
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
 All other loves are lost in only thine,
 Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
 Whom would not all those blooming charms surprize,
 Those heav'nly looks, and dear, deluding eyes?
 The harp and bow would you like *Phœbus* bear,
 A brighter *Phœbus*, *Phaon* might appear,
 Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
 Not *Bacchus*' self with *Phaon* could compare:
 Yet *Phœbus* lov'd, and *Bacchus* felt the flame,
 One *Daphne* warm'd, and one the *Cretan* dame;
 Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
 Than ev'n those Gods contend in charms with thee.
 The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
 And the wide world resounds with *Sapho's* praise.

Tho'

Tho' great *Alcæus* more sublimely sings,
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
 No less renown attends the moving lyre,
 Which *Venus* tunes, and all her Loves inspire.
 To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
 Is well by wit's more lasting charms supply'd.
 Tho' short my stature, yet my name extends
 To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends.
 Brown as I am, an *Ethiopian* dame
 Inspir'd young *Perseus* with a gen'rous flame,
 Turtles and doves of diff'ring hues, unite,
 And glossy jett is pair'd with shining white.
 If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,
 By none alas! by none thou can'st be mov'd,
Phaon alone by *Phaon* must be lov'd!
 Yet once thy *Sapho* could thy cares employ,
 Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:
 Still all those joys to my remembrance move,
 For oh! how vast a memory has Love?
 My music, then, you could for ever hear,
 And all my words were music to your ear.

U u u

You

You stop'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
 In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
 And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
 Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,
 Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
 And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
 The fair *Sicilians* now thy soul inflame;
 Why was I born, ye Gods, a *Lesbian* dame?
 But ah beware, *Sicilian* nymphs! nor boast
 That wandring heart which I so lately lost;
 Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
 Those tempting words were all to *Sapho* us'd.
 And you that rule *Sicilia's* happy plains,
 Have pity, *Venus*, on your Poet's pains!
 Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
 And still increase the woes so soon begun?
 Enur'd to sorrows from my tender years,
 My parent's ashes drank my early tears.
 My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
 Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame.

An infant daughter late my griefs increast,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow,
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
The costly sweetness of *Arabian* dews,
Nor braids of gold the vary'd tresses bind,
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom should *Sapho* use such arts as these?
He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
Still is there cause for *Sapho* still to love:
So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
And gave to *Venus* all my life to come;
Or while my Muse in melting notes complains,
My beating heart keeps measure to my strains.
By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
Who might not---ah! who would not be undone?
For those *Aurora Cephalus* might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.

For

For those might *Cynthia* lengthen *Phaon's* sleep,
 And bid *Endymion* nightly tend his sheep,
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
 But *Mars* on thee might look with *Venus's* eyes.
 O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
 O useful time for lovers to employ!
 Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
 Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
 The vows you never will return, receive;
 And take at least the love you will not give.
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears;
 The less my sense, the more my love appears.
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
 (At least to feign was never hard to you.)
 Farewel, my *Lesbian* love, you might have said,
 Or coldly thus, farewel, oh *Lesbian* maid!
 No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
 No lover's gift your *Sappho* could confer,
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
 No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
 But this; be mindful of our loves, and live.

For

Now

Now by the Nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale, I stood;
Grief chill'd my breast, and stop'd my freezing blood;
No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow;
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe.
But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound,
I rave, then weep, I curse, and then complain,
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
My scornful brother with a smile appears,
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!

'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
Oh night more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thousand tender words, I hear and speak;
A thousand melting kisses, give, and take:
Then fiercer joys—I blush to mention these,
Yet while I blush, confess how much they please!
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes, to dream of you again.
Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove
Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove,
As if the silent grove, and lonely plains
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the Grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,

That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
Than *Phrygian* marble, or the *Parian* stone.
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before,
But, *Phaon* gone, those shades delight no more.
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
Were oft' entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay;
I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return:
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,
All, but the mournful *Philomel* and I:
With mournful *Philomel* I join my strain,
Of *Tereus* she, of *Phaon* I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below;
A flow'ry *Lotos* spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan Genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a watry virgin stood,

She

She stood and cry'd, " O you that love in vain !
 " Fly hence ; and seek the far *Leucadian* main ;
 " There stands a rock from whose impending steep
 " *Apollo's* fane surveys the rolling deep ;
 " There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
 " Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
 " *Deucalion* once with hopeless fury burn'd,
 " In vain he lov'd, relentless *Pyrrha* scorn'd ;
 " But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
 " *Deucalion* scorn'd, and *Pyrrha* lov'd in vain.
 " Haste *Sapho*, haste, from high *Leucadia* throw
 " Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below !
 She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
 I go, ye nymphs ! those rocks and seas to prove ;
 How much I fear, but ah, how much I love !
 I go, ye nymphs ! where furious love inspires ;
 Let female fears submit to female fires.
 To rocks and seas I fly from *Phaon's* hate,
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
 Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
 And softly lay me on the waves below !

And thou, kind *Love*, my sinking limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
 Nor let a Lover's death the guiltless flood profane!

On *Phæbus*' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
 And this inscription shall be plac'd below.

" Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,

" *Sapho* to *Phæbus* consecrates her Lyre;

" What suits with *Sapho*, *Phæbus* suits with thee;

" The gift, the giver, and the God agree.

But why, alas, relentless youth, ah why
 To distant seas must tender *Sapho* fly?

Thy charms than those may far more pow'rful be,

And *Phæbus*' self is less a God to me.

Ah! can'st thou doom me to the rocks and sea,

O far more faithless and more hard than they?

Ah! can'st thou rather see this tender breast

Dash'd on those rocks, than to thy bosom prest?

This breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;

Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.—

Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,

Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre,

My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
 And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
 Ye *Lesbian* virgins, and ye *Lesbian* dames,
 Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
 No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
 My *Phaon's* fled, and I those arts resign,
 (Wretch that I am, to call that *Phaon* mine!)
 Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:
 Absent from thee, the Poet's flame expires,
 But ah! how fiercely burn the lover's fires?
 Gods! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
 The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,
 The flying winds have lost them all in air!
 Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?
 If you return—ah why these long delays?
 Poor *Sapho* dies, while careless *Phaon* stays.
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the watry plain,
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.

O launch

O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales,

Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.

If you will fly---(yet ah! what cause can be,

Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?)

If not from *Phaon* I must hope for ease,

Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:

To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,

And either cease to live, or cease to love!

From the FOURTEENTH Book of

THE fair *Pomona* flourish'd in his reign:

OF all the virgins of the *Sylvian* train,

None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,

Or more improv'd the vegetable care

To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field,

The streams and fountains, no dainties could yield:

'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,

And see the boughs with happy burthen bend.

The

VERTUMNUS

VERTUMNUS

AND

POMONA:

From the FOURTEENTH BOOK of

OVID'S *METAMORPHOSES*.

THE fair *Pomona* flourish'd in his reign;
 Of all the virgins of the sylvan train,
 None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
 Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
 To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field,
 The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
 'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
 And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.

The

The hook she bore, instead of *Cynthia's* spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from *Venus* and the nuptial joy;
Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,
To lawless sylvans all access deny'd.
How oft' the satyrs and the wanton fawns,
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
And old *Silenus*, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care,
To pass the fences, and surprize the fair?
Like these, *Vertumnus* own'd his faithful flame,
Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight, a thousand forms he wears,
And first a reaper from the field appears,

Z z z

Sweating

270 *VERTUMNUS and POMONA.*

Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
 O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
 Oft' o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
 And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade;
 Oft' in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
 Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
 And the loose straglers to their ranks confines.
 Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
 He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
 A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;
 Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
 On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.

A female form at last *Vertumnus* wears,
 With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
 His temples thinly spread with silver hairs:
 Prop'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
 A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
 The God, in this decrepit form array'd,
 The gardens enter'd, and the fruits survey'd,
 And "happy you! (he thus address'd the maid)

"Whose

“ Whose charms as far all other nymphs out-shine,
 “ As other gardens are excell’d by thine!
 Then kiss’d the fair; (his kisses warmer grow
 Than such as women on their sex bestow.)
 Then plac’d beside her on the flow’ry ground,
 Beheld the trees with autumn’s bounty crown’d.
 An Elm was near, to whose embraces led,
 The curling vine her swelling clusters spread;
 He view’d their twining branches with delight,
 And prais’d the beauty of the pleasing sight.

Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he said)
 Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
 And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
 Her marry’d elm, had crept along the ground.
 Ah beauteous maid, let this example move
 Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
 Deign to be lov’d, and ev’ry heart subdue!
 What nymph cou’d e’er attract such crowds as you?
 Not she whose beauty urg’d the *Centaur’s* arms,
Ulysses’ Queen, nor *Helen’s* fatal charms.
 Ev’n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
 A thousand court you, tho’ they court in vain,
 A thousand

272 *VERTUMNUS and POMONA.*

A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods,
 That haunt our mountains and our *Alban* woods.
 But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
 Whom age, and long experience render wise,
 And one whose tender care is far above
 All that these lovers ever felt of love,
 (Far more than e'er can by your self be guest)
 Fix on *Vertumnus*, and reject the rest.
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
 To distant lands *Vertumnus* never roves;
 Like you, contented with his native groves;
 Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
 For you he lives; and you alone shall share
 His last affection, as his early care.
 Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
 With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
 Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
 And tries all forms, that may *Pomona* please.
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,
 Your rural cares, and pleasures, are the same.

To

To him your orchards early fruits are due,
 (A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you;)
 He values these; but yet (alas) complains,
 That still the best and dearest gift remains:
 Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows
 With that ripe red, th' autumnal sun bestows;
 Nor tastful herbs that in these gardens rise,
 Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
 You, only you, can move the God's desire:
 Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire!
 Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
 Think, 'tis *Vertumnus* begs you to be kind!
 So may no frost, when early buds appear,
 Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
 Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
 Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!

This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
 He strait assum'd his native form again;
 Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
 As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears,
 And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
 Dispells the darkness, and reveals the day.

Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;
 For when, appearing in a form divine,
 The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
 Of charming features, and a youthful face,
 In her soft breast consenting passions move,
 And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

T H E

FABLE of DRYOPE.

From the NINTH Book of
OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

Upon occasion of the death of Hercules, his mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who answers with a relation of those of her own family, in particular the transformation of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing Fable.

SHE said, and for her lost *Galanthis* sighs,
When the fair Confort of her son replies.
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.

No nymph of all *Oechalia* could compare
For beauteous form with *Dryope* the fair,

Her

Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(My self the offspring of a second bride.)
This nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom *Delphi* and the *Delian* isle obey,
Andraemon lov'd; and bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms.

A Lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
Those shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the *Naiads* flow'ry garlands brought,
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Not distant far a watry *Lotos* grows;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the *Tyrian* dye.
Of these she crop'd, to please her infant son;
And I my self the same rash act had done,
But lo! I saw, (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood;
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.

Lotis

Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from *Priapus*' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and fixing here, became
A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight,
Yet first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd:
But when she backward wou'd have fled, she found
Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And as she struggles, only moves above;
She feels th'encroaching bark around her grow
By slow degrees, and covers all below:
Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves;
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child *Amphisus*, to her bosom prest,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.

B b b b

I saw,

I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
 And stood the helpless witness of thy fate;
 Embrac'd thy boughs, the rising bark delay'd,
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

Behold, *Andræmon* and th' unhappy Sire
 Appear, and for their *Dryope* enquire;
 A springing tree for *Dryope* they find,
 And print warm kisses on the panting rind,
 Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
 And close embrac'd, as to the roots they grew.
 The face was all that now remain'd of thee;
 No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree:
 Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
 From ev'ry leaf distills a trickling tear,
 And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
 Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains.
 If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
 I swear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n,
 No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred,
 In mutual innocence our lives we led:
 If this be false, let these new greens decay,
 Let founding axes lop my limbs away,
 And crackling flames on all my honours prey.

Now

Now from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
Yet to his mother let him oft' be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and say, with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies:
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a Goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.
My fire, my sister, and my spouse farewell!
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browsing cattel, or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kifs receive,
While yet thy mother has a kifs to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:

Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid, to seal these dying eyes.

She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be ;
And all the nymph was lost within the tree :
Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

21 MA 58

THE

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATIUS
HIS
THEBAIS.

Translated in the Year 1703.

Cccc

The ARGUMENT.

OEdipus King of Thebes having by mistake slain his father Laius, and marry'd his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resign'd the realm to his sons, Etheocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtain'd by Etheocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Etheocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having kill'd his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having receiv'd an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be marry'd to a Boar and a Lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arriv'd at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that God. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Choræbus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with, their descent and quality: The sacrifice is renew'd, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.



THE
FIRST BOOK

OF

STATIUS his THEBAIS.

Fraternal rage, the guilty *Thebes* alarms,
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhimes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, *Agenor's* stern decree,
And *Cadmus* searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an Iron harvest of his toil;

Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine *Amphion* sung?
Or shall I *Juno's* hate to *Thebes* resound,
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found;
The fire against the son his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms her second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.

But wave whate'er to *Cadmus* may belong,
And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song,
At *Oedipus*---from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race,
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty *Cæsar's* conqu'ring eagles sing;
How twice he tam'd proud *Ister's* rapid flood,
While *Dacian* mountains stream'd with barb'rous blood;
Twice taught the *Rhine* beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole;
Or long before, with early valour strove,
In youthful arms t'assert the cause of *Jove*.
And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
Encrease of glory to the *Latian* name;

Oh

Oh bless thy *Rome* with an eternal reign,
 Nor let desiring worlds intreat in vain!
 What tho' the stars contract their heav'nly space,
 And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place!
 Tho' all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
 Conspire to court thee from our world away;
 Tho' *Phœbus* longs to mix his rays with thine,
 And in thy glories more serenely shine;
 Tho' *Jove* himself no less content would be,
 To part his throne and share his heav'n with thee;
 Yet stay, great *Cæsar*! and vouchsafe to reign
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main,
 Resign to *Jove* his empire of the skies,
 And people heav'n with *Roman* Deities.

The time will come when a diviner flame
 Shall warm my breast to sing of *Cæsar*'s fame:
 Meanwhile permit, that my preluding Muse,
 In *Theban* wars an humbler theme may chuse:
 Of furious hate surviving death, she sings,
 A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
 And fun'ral flames, that parting wide in air,
 Express the discord of the souls they bear:

Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts
 Of Kings unbury'd on the wasted coasts;
 When *Dirce's* fountain blush'd with *Grecian* blood,
 And *Thetis*, near *Ismenos'* swelling flood,
 With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep
 In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep.

What hero, *Clio*! wilt thou first relate?
 The raging *Tydeus*, or the Prophet's fate?
 Or how with hills of slain on ev'ry side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tyde?
 Or how the * youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
 Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
 Then to fierce *Capaneus* thy verse extend,
 And sing, with horror, his prodigious end.

Now wretched *Oedipus*, depriv'd of sight,
 Led a long death in everlasting night;
 But while he dwells where not a chearful ray
 Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day;
 The clear, reflecting mind, presents his sin
 In frightful views, and makes it day within;

* *Parthenopæus*.

Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul.
The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies
Those empty orbs, from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke.

Ye Gods that o'er the gloomy regions reign
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, fable *Styx*! whose livid streams are roll'd
Thro' dreary coasts which I, tho' blind, behold:
Tisiphone, that oft' hast heard my pray'r,
Assist, if *Oedipus* deserve thy care!
If you receiv'd me from *Jocasta's* womb,
And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come:
If leaving *Polybus*, I took my way
To *Cyrrha's* temple on that fatal day,
When by the son the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the *Phocian* fields divide:
If I the *Sphynx's* riddles durst explain,
Taught by thy self to win the promis'd reign:
If wretched I, by baleful furies led,
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,

For

For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
 And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd:
 Then self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,
 Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight.
 Oh hear, and aid the vengeance I require,
 If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire!
 My sons their old, unhappy fire despise,
 Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
 Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
 While these exalt their scepters o'er my urn;
 These sons, 'ye Gods! who with flagitious pride,
 Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
 Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
 And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
 Thou Fury, then, some lasting curse entail,
 Which o'er their childrens children shall prevail:
 Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
 Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;
 Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear;
 Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
 Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.

Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,
Blind as I am, some glorious villany!
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Could'st thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.

The fury heard, while on *Cocytus*' brink
Her snakes, unty'd, sulphureous waters drink;
But at the summons, roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air
The gliding light'ning, or descending star.
Thro' crouds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night;
Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of *Tenarus* she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.
The day beheld, and sickning at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
Affrighted *Atlas*, on the distant shore,
Trembl'd, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore,

E e e e

Now

Now from beneath *Malea's* airy height
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to *Thebes* her flight;
With eager speed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head,
In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow,
Such rays from *Phæbe's* bloody circle flow,
When lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame;
From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath,
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death:
A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A dress by fates and furies worn alone:
She tofs'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand;
A serpent from her left, was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.

But when the fury took her stand on high,
Where vast *Cytheron's* top salutes the sky,

A hiss

A hiss from all the snaky tire went round ;
 The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
 And thro' th' *Achaian* cities send the sound.
Oete, with high *Parnassus*, heard the voice ;
Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noise ;
 Again *Leucotboë* shook at these alarms,
 And press'd *Palæmon* closer in her arms.
 Headlong from thence the glowing fury springs,
 And o'er the *Theban* palace spreads her wings,
 Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
 Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
 Strait with the * rage of all their race possess'd,
 Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
 And all the furies wake within their breast.
 Their tortur'd minds repining envy tears,
 And hate, engender'd by suspicious fears ;
 And sacred thirst of sway ; and all the ties
 Of nature broke ; and royal perjuries ;
 And impotent desire to reign alone,
 That scorns the dull reversion of a throne ;

* *Gentilisque animos subit furor, seems to me a better reading than Gentilesque.*

Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,
While discord waits upon divided pow'r.

As stubborn steers by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
Th'unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay:
Such was the discord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
To govern *Thebes* by their alternate sway;
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate;
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did this league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,
Whose fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd,
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No *Grecian* stone the pompous arches grac'd;

Nor

Nor nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
 Before the sleepless Tyrant's guarded gate :
 No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd Gold,
 Nor silver vases took the forming mold,
 Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
 Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine---
 Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
 Say to what end your impious arms engage?
 Not all bright *Phæbus* views in early morn,
 Or when his evening beams the west adorn,
 When the south glows with his meridian ray,
 And the cold north receives a fainter day;
 For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
 Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
 Decrees to proud *Etheocles* the crown :
 What joys, oh Tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,
 When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,
 Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
 And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!

But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
 Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;

F f f f

Still

Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,
 And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
 Madly they make new Lords, then tamely bear,
 And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.
 And one of those who groan beneath the sway
 Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey;
 (Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spight
 With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight,)
 Exclaim'd---O *Thebes*! for thee what fates remain,
 What woes attend this inauspicious reign?
 Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
 Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
 And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear?
 These now controul a wretched people's fate,
 These can divide, and these reverse the state;
 Ev'n fortune rules no more:---O servile land,
 Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!
 Thou Sire of Gods and men, imperial *Jove*!
 Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
 On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate,
 From the first birth of our unhappy state;

When

When banish'd *Cadmus* wand'ring o'er the main,
 For lost *Europa* search'd the world in vain,
 And fated in *Bæotian* fields to found
 A rising empire on a foreign ground,
 First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
 Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
 What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
 How all the tyrant in his face appears!
 What fullen fury clouds his scornful brow!
 Gods! how his eyes with threatning ardour glow!
 Can this imperious Lord forget to reign,
 Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
 Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd,
 Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd,
 Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
 What wonder then? he was not then alone.
 Oh wretched we, a vile, submissive train,
 Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign!

As when two winds with rival force contend,
 This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,
 While freezing *Boreas* and black *Eurus* blow,
 Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:

Thus

Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring state
 Feels all the fury of resistless fate,
 And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
 While that Prince threatens, and while this commands.

And now th' almighty Father of the Gods
 Convenes a council in the blest'd abodes:

Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
 High o'er the rowling heav'ns, a mansion lies,

Whence, far below, the Gods at once survey

The realms of rising and declining day,

And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea.

Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,

The Majesty of heav'n superior shone;

Serene he look'd, and gave an awful * nod,

And all the trembling spheres confess'd the God.

At Jove's assent, the deities around

In solemn state the consistory crown'd:

Next, a long order of inferior pow'rs

Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs;

Those from whose urns the rowling rivers flow,

And those that give the wandring winds to blow;

* Placido quatiens tamen omnia Vultu, is the common reading; I believe it should be Nutu, with reference to the word quatiens.

Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease,
 And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
 A shining synod of majestic Gods
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes,
 Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,
 And the bright arch reflects a double day.
 The monarch then his solemn silence broke,
 The still creation listen'd while he spoke,
 Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
 And each irrevocable word is fate.

How long shall Man the wrath of heav'n defy,
 And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!
 Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
 Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
 This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
 And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
 Th' o'erlabour'd *Cyclop* from his task retires;
 Th' *Æolian* forge exhausted of its fires.
 For this, I suffer'd *Phæbus'* steeds to stray,
 And the mad ruler to misguide the day,
 When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,
 And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.

For this, my brother of the watry reign
 Releas'd th' impetuous fluices of the main,
 But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
 Two races now, ally'd to *Jove*, offend;
 To punish these, see *Jove* himself descend!
 The *Theban* Kings their line from *Cadmus* trace,
 From godlike *Persens* those of *Argive* race.
 Unhappy *Cadmus*' fate who does not know?
 And the long series of succeeding woe:
 How oft' the furies, from the deeps of night,
 Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
 Th' exulting mother stain'd with filial blood;
 The savage hunter, and the haunted wood;
 The direful banquet why should I proclaim,
 And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?
 E're I recount the sins of these profane,
 The sun would sink into the western main,
 And rising gild the radiant east again.
 Have we not seen (the blood of *Laius* shed)
 The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,
 Thro' violated nature force his way,
 And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?

Yet

Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
 And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
 His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
 Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
 Thy curse, oh *Oedipus*, just heav'n alarms,
 And sets th' avenging thunderer in arms.
 I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
 And give the nations to the waste of war.
Adrastus soon, with Gods averse, shall join
 In dire alliance with the *Theban* line;
 Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
 The guilty realms of *Tantalus* shall bleed;
 Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breast
 Yet harbours vengeance for the Tyrant's feast.

He said; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;
 (With sudden grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd)
 Must I whose cares *Phoroneus'* tow'rs defend,
 Must I, oh *Jove*, in bloody wars contend?
 Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
 Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
 Tho' there the fair *Aegyptian* heifer fed,
 And there deluded *Argus* slept, and bled;

Tho'

Tho' there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,
 When *Jove* descended in almighty gold.
 Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
 Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
 But *Thebes*, where shining in celestial charms
 Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
 When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
 And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed;
 Curs'd *Thebes* the vengeance it deserves, may prove,—
 Ah why shou'd *Argos* feel the rage of *Jove*?
 Yet since thou wilt thy sister-Queen controul,
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
 Go, rase my *Samos*, let *Mycenè* fall,
 And level with the dust the *Spartan* wall:
 No more let mortals *Juno's* pow'r invoke,
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;
 But to your *Isis* all my rites transfer,
 Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;
 For her, thro' *Ægypt's* fruitful clime renown'd,
 Let weeping *Nilus* hear the timbrel sound.

But

But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
 Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
 And from the long records of distant age
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
 Say, from what period then has *Jove* design'd
 To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
 Begin from thence, where first *Alphæus* hides
 His wandring stream, and thro' the briny tides,
 Unmix'd, to his *Sicilian* river glides.
 Thy own *Arcadians* there the thunder claim,
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name,
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
 Of fierce *Oenömaus*, defil'd with blood;
 Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
 Say, can those honours please? and can'st thou love
 Presumptuous *Crete*, that boasts the tomb of *Jove*?
 And shall not *Tantalus* his kingdoms share
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?
 Reverse, O *Jove*, thy too severe decree,
 Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;

On impious realms, and barb'rous Kings, impose
Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such * sons as those.

Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen express
The rage and grief contending in her breast;
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply.
'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, tho' just, revenge which I prepare
Against a Nation thy peculiar care:
No less *Dione* might for *Thebes* contend,
Nor *Bacchus* less his native town defend,
Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
Their work, and rev'rence our superior will.
For by the black infernal *Styx* I swear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the thunderer)
'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of *Jove*;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste then, *Cyllenius*, thro' the liquid air;
Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up *Lair* to the realms of day,

* Tydeus and Polynices.

Whose ghost, yet shiv'ring on *Cocytus*' sand,
 Expects its passage to the farther strand;
 Let the pale fire revisit *Thebes*, and bear
 These pleasing orders to the Tyrant's ear,
 That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
 Of foreign forces, and his *Argive* bride,
 Almighty *Jove* commands him to detain
 The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
 Be this the cause of more than mortal hate;
 The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into fate,
 The God obeys, and to his feet applies
 Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies;
 His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
 And veil'd the starry glories of his head:
 He seiz'd his wand that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
 That drives the dead to dark *Tartarean* coasts,
 Or back to life compels the wondring ghosts.
 Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the son of *May*
 Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way,
 Now smoothly steers thro' air his equal flight,
 Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height,

Then

Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Meantime the banish'd *Polynices* roves
(His *Thebes* abandon'd) thro' th' *Aonian* groves,
While future realms his wandring thoughts delight,
His daily vision, and his dream by night;
Forbidden *Thebes* appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne.
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient *Danaus*' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd *Mycene*'s lofty tow'rs ascend,
(Where late the sun did *Atreus*' crimes detest
And disappear'd, in horror of the feast.)

And

And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
 From *Bacchus*' consecrated caves he fled,
 Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
 And *Pentheus*' blood enrich'd the rising ground.
 Then sees *Cythæron* tow'ring o'er the plain,
 And thence declining gently to the main.
 Next to the bounds of *Nisus*' realm repairs,
 Where treach'rous *Scylla* cut the purple hairs:
 The hanging cliffs of *Scyron*'s rock explores,
 And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores:
 Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
 And stately *Corinth*'s pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when *Phæbus* yields to night,
 And rising *Cynthia* sheds her silver light,
 Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
 Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew;
 All birds and beasts lie hush'd; sleep steals away
 The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
 And brings, descending thro' the silent air,
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
 Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
 Promise the skies the bright return of day;

No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night;
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Encrease the darkness and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
Burst from th' *Æolian* caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky:
But with a thicker night black *Auster* shrouds
The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rowling clouds,
From whose dark womb a ratling tempest pours,
Which the cold north congeals to haily show'rs.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flash from ev'ry cloud.
Now smoaks with show'rs the misty mountain-ground,
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round:
Th' *Inachian* streams with headlong fury run,
And *Erasmus* rows a deluge on:
The foaming *Lerna* swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush thro' the mounds, and bear the damms away:

Old

Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born;
The storm the dark *Lycean* groves display'd,
And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
Th' intrepid *Theban* hears the bursting sky,
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
The floods descending and the watry war,
That driv'n by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.
Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread,
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.

So fares a failor on the stormy main,
When clouds conceal *Boötes* golden wain,
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling *Cynthia* glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.

Thus strove the chief on ev'ry side distress'd,
Thus still his courage, with his toils, encreas'd;

With

With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
 Thro' thickest woods, and rouz'd the beasts of prey.
 Till he beheld, where from *Larissa's* height
 The shelving walls reflect a glancing light;
 Thither with haste the *Theban* hero flies;
 On this side *Lerna's* pois'nous water lies,
 On that, *Profymna's* grove and temple rise:
 He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
 And to the regal palace bent his way;
 On the cold marble spent with toil he lies,
 And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,
 Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days,
 By both his parents of descent divine,
 Great *Jove* and *Phœbus* grac'd his noble line;
 Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
 But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
 To him *Apollo* (wondrous to relate!
 But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
 Had sung—"Expect thy sons on *Argos'* shore,
 "A yellow lion and a bristly boar.

This,

This, long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest ;
This, great *Amphiaraus*, lay hid from thee,
Tho' skill'd in fate and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting God ordain.

Lo hapless *Tydeus*, whose ill-fated hand
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And seiz'd with horror, in the shades of night,
Thro' the thick desarts headlong urg'd his flight :
Now by the fury of the tempests driv'n
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n,
Till led by fate, the *Theban's* steps he treads,
And to fair *Argos'* open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort
T' *Adrastus* realms, and hospitable court,
The King surveys his guests with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with surprize.
A lion's yellow skin the *Theban* wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs ;
Such once employ'd *Alcides'* youthful toils,
E're yet adorn'd with *Nemea's* dreadful spoils.

K k k k

A boar's

A boar's stiff hide, of *Calydonian* breed,
Oenides' manly shoulders overspread,
 Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
 Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
 The King th' accomplish'd oracle surveys,
 Reveres *Apollo's* vocal caves, and owns
 The guiding Godhead, and his future sons.
 O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
 And a glad horror shoots thro' ev'ry vein:
 To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
 And thus invokes the silent Queen of night.

Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign
 Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train,
 You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,
 Till nature, quickned by th' inſpiring ray,
 Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day. }
 Oh thou who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
 Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of fate!
 Be preſent ſtill, oh Goddeſs! in our aid;
 Proceed, and firm thoſe Omens thou haſt made!

We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
 And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
 The fable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
 And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke:
 Hail, faithful *Tripes*! hail, ye dark abodes
 Of awful *Phœbus*: I confess the Gods!

Thus, seiz'd with sacred fear, the Monarch pray'd;
 Then to his inner court the guests convey'd;
 Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,
 And dust yet white upon each altar lies;
 The relicks of a former sacrifice.

The King once more the solemn rites requires,
 And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.
 His train obey, while all the courts around
 With noisy care and various tumult sound.
 Embroider'd purple cloaths the golden beds;
 This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;
 A third dispels the darkness of the night,
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
 Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,
 And there, in flames the slaughter'd victims fry.

Sublime in regal state, *Adrastus* shone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets, on his iv'ry throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.

And now the King, his royal feast to grace,
Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd.
Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the close apartments of the night,
The royal nymphs approach'd divinely bright;
Such was *Diana's*, such *Minerva's* face;
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise,
Their down-cast looks a decent shame confess,
Then, on their father's rev'rend features rest.

The banquet done, the Monarch gives the sign,
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,

Which

Which *Danaus* us'd in sacred rites of old,
 With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.
 Here to the clouds victorious *Perseus* flies;
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
 And ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies.
 There from the chace *Jove's* tow'ring eagle bears
 On golden wings, the *Phrygian* to the stars;
 Still as he rises in th' æthereal height,
 His native mountains lessen to his sight;
 While all his sad companions upward gaze,
 Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze,
 And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
 Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
 The first libations sprinkled on the ground:
 By turns on each celestial pow'r they call;
 With *Phœbus'* name resounds the vaulted hall.
 The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
 Crown'd with chaste lawrel, and with garlands drest,
 (While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze)
 Salute the God in num'rous hymns of praise.

Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble guests,
 These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts,
 To bright *Apollo's* awful name design'd,
 Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
 Great was the cause; our old solemnities
 From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
 But sav'd from death, our *Argives* yearly pay
 These grateful honours to the God of Day.

When by a thousand darts the *Python* slain
 With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain,
 (Transfix'd as o'er *Castalia's* streams he hung,
 And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)
 To *Argos's* realms the victor God resorts,
 And enters old *Crotopus's* humble courts.
 This rural prince one only daughter blest,
 That all the charms of blooming youth possess;
 Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
 Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.
 Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd;
 Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd!
 But *Phœbus* lov'd, and on the flow'ry side
 Of *Nemea's* stream, the yielding fair enjoy'd;

And

And e'er ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illustrious off-spring of the God was born.
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Now flies from *Argos* to the sylvan shade,
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
Ah how unworthy those of race divine?
On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries;
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give!
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freshness of the rising day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' astonish'd mother when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,

Yet

With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
 And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;
 Then wild with anguish, to her Sire she flies;
 Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But touch'd with sorrow for the dead, too late,
 The raging God prepares t'avenge her fate.
 He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
 Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
 The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
 High on her crown a rising snake appears,
 Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:
 About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
 When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
 Devours young babes before their parent's eyes,
 And feeds and thrives on publick miseries.

But gen'rous rage the bold *Choræbus* warms,
Choræbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;
 Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
 Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
 These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
 The direful monster from afar descry'd;
 Two bleeding babes depending at her side;

Whose

Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
The youth surround her with extended spears;
But brave *Choræbus* in the front appears,
Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword,
And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
Th' *Inachians* view'd the slain with vast surprize,
Her twisting volumes, and her rowling eyes,
Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd
With livid poison, and our infant's blood.
The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squallid corps engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to tast,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And ravenous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.
But fir'd with rage, from cleft *Parnassus'* brow
Avenging *Phœbus* bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below;

A night of fultry clouds involv'd around
 The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:
 And now a thousand lives together fled,
 Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
 And a whole province in his triumph led.

But *Phœbus*, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
 And raging *Sirius* blasts the sickly year,
 Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
 And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.

Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
 Attend thy *Manes*, and preserve thy name;
 Undaunted Hero! who, divinely brave,
 In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
 But view'd the shrine with a superior look,
 And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke.

With piety, the soul's securest guard,
 And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
 Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
 Nor shalt thou, *Phœbus*, find a suppliant here.
 Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
 And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.

Behold

Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
 Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;
 For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care,
 Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
 But if th' abandon'd race of human-kind
 From Gods above no more compassion find,
 If such inclemency in heav'n can dwell;
 Yet why must un-offending *Argos* feel
 The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
 On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
 Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
 Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
 And fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light.
 Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
 And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
 But for my Country let my fate atone,
 Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.

Merit distress'd, impartial heav'n relieves;
 Unwelcome life relenting *Phœbus* gives;
 For not the vengeful Pow'r, that glow'd with rage,
 With such amazing virtue durst engage.

The

The clouds dispers'd, *Apollo's* wrath expir'd,
 And from the wondring God th' unwilling youth retir'd.
 Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
 And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
 These solemn feasts propitious *Phœbus* please,
 These honours, still renew'd, his antient wrath appease.

But say, illustrious guest (adjoin'd the King)
 What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
 The noble *Tydeus* stands confess'd, and known
 Our neighbour Prince, and heir of *Calydon*.
 Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
 And silent hours to various talk invite.

The *Theban* bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
 Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:
 Before these altars how shall I proclaim
 (Oh gen'rous prince) my nation or my name,
 Or thro' what veins our antient blood has roll'd?
 Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
 Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
 You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
 Know then, from *Cadmus* I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and *Thebes* my native place.

To whom the King, (who felt his gen'rous breast
 Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
 Replies—Ah why forbears the son to name
 His wretched father, known too well by fame?
 Fame, that delights around the world to stray,
 Scorns not to take our *Argos* in her way.
 Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
 In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
 And those who tread the burning *Lybian* lands,
 The faithless *Syrtes* and the moving sands;
 Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
 Or drink of *Ganges* in their eastern grounds;
 All these the woes of *Oedipus* have known,
 Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
 If on the sons the parents crimes descend,
 What prince from those his lineage can defend?
 Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
 With virtuous acts thy ancestors disgrace,
 And be thy self the honour of thy race.
 But see! the stars begin to steal away,
 And shine more faintly at approaching day;

Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays,
Once more resound the great *Apollo's* praise.

Oh father *Phœbus*! whether *Lycia's* coast
And snowy mountains, thy bright presence boast;
Whether to sweet *Castalia* thou repair,
And bathe in silver dew's thy yellow hair;
Or pleas'd to find fair *Delos* float no more,
Delight in *Cynthus*, and the shady shore;
Or chuse thy seat in *Ilion's* proud abodes,
The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods!
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are born;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty *Jove*,
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of scepters, and impending woe;
When direful meteors spread thro' glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair
Thy rage the *Phrygian* felt, who durst aspire
T' excell the music of thy heav'nly lyre;
Thy shafts aveng'd lewd *Tityr's* guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;

Thy

Thy hand slew *Python*, and the dame who lost
Her num'rous off-spring for a fatal boast.

In *Phlegias*' doom thy just revenge appears,

Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears ;

He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,

The mouldring rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine !

And on thy hospitable *Argos* shine.

Whether the style of *Titan* please thee more,

Whose purple rays th' *Achæmenes* adore ;

Or great *Osyris*, who first taught the swain

In *Pharian* fields to sow the golden grain ;

Or *Mitra*, to whose beams the *Persian* bows,

And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows,

Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,

Who grasps the struggling Heifer's lunar horns.

Thy hand, new Pythia, and the flames who hold
 Her myst'rous offspring from a fatal doom
 In Phrygia's doom the just revenge appears;
 Condemn'd to furies and eternal tears;
 He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
 The mould'ring rock that trembles from on high.
 Propitious hear, O pray, O bow a-dying,
 And on thy hospitable thine, in night,
 Whether the style of Ixion please thee more,
 Whole purple days the Nemean's adore;
 Or great Ossa, who through the twin abyss
 In Phrygian fields to sow the golden grain;
 Or Mithra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
 And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
 Mithra, whose head the blaze of light adorns;
 Who grasps the struggling Hydra's sinuous horns;
 When gorgons' and basilisks' blood is shed,
 Long trails of light, and shafts of blinding
 Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
 To quell the mad, the heavenly lyre;
 Thy base aveng'd, thy base, thy guilty flame,
 Th' immortal victim of thy mother's name;

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PART OF THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF
HOMER's
ODYSSEES.

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PART OF THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK



HOMER'S

ODYSSEY.

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Part of the

THIRTEENTH BOOK

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HOMER'S ODYSSES.

The beginning of this book describes the parting of Ulysses from Phæacia; with the gifts of Alcinous to his guest; and his taking ship for his native country Ithaca.

THE Sun descending, the *Phæacian* train
Spread their broad sails, and launch into the
main :

At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,
And leave the sinking hills, and less'ning shores.
While on the deck the Chief in silence lies,
And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.
As fiery couriers in the rapid race,
Urg'd by fierce drivers thro' the dusty space,

Thy

Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain ;
So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main :
Back to the stern the parted billows flow,
And the black ocean foams and roars below.

Thus with spread sails the winged gally flies ;
Less swift, an eagle cuts the liquid skies :
Divine *Ulysses* was her sacred load,
A man, in wisdom equal to a God.
Much danger long, and mighty toils he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore :
All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast ;
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.

But when the morning star with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and promis'd day,
Like distant clouds the mariner descries
Fair *Ithaca's* emerging hills arise.
Far from the town, a spacious port appears,
Sacred to *Phorcys'* pow'r, whose name it bears ;
Two craggy rocks, projecting to the main,
The roaring winds tempestuous rage restrain ;
Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships secure without their haulfers ride.

High

High at the head a branching olive grows,
And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.
Beneath, a gloomy Grotto's cool recess,
Delights the *Nereids* of the neighb'ring seas;
Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone,
And massy beams in native marble shone,
On which the labours of the nymphs were roll'd,
Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
Within the cave, the clustring bees attend
Their waxen works, or from the roof depend.
Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
Two marble doors unfold on either side;
Sacred the south, by which the Gods descend,
But mortals enter at the northern end.

Thither they bent, and haul'd their ship to land,
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand)
Ulysses sleeping, on his couch they bore,
And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore:
His treasures next, *Alcinous'* gifts, they laid
In the wild olive's unfrequented shade;
Secure from theft: then launch'd the bark again,
And tugg'd their oars, and measur'd back the main.

Mean while *Ulysses* in his country lay,
 Releas'd from sleep; and round him might survey
 The solitary shore, and rowling sea.
 Yet had his mind, thro' tedious absence, lost
 The dear remembrance of his native coast;
 Besides *Minerva*, to secure her care,
 Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air:
 For so the Gods ordain'd, to keep unseen
 His royal person from his friends and Queen,
 Till the proud suitors, for their crimes, afford
 An ample vengeance to her injur'd Lord.

Now all the land another prospect bore,
 Another port appear'd, another shore;
 And long-continu'd ways, and winding floods,
 And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown woods.
 Pensive and slow, with sudden grief oppress'd,
 The King arose, and beat his careful breast,
 Cast a long look o'er all the coast and main,
 And sought around his native realm in vain;
 Then with erected eyes stood fix'd in woe,
 And, as he spoke, the tears began to flow.

Ye

Ye Gods (he cry'd) upon what barren coast,
In what new region is *Ulysses* tost?
Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms?
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
Where shall this treasure now in safety lie?
And whither, whither its sad owner fly?
Ah why did I *Alcinous*' grace implore?
Ah why forsake *Phæacia*'s happy shore?
Some juster prince perhaps had entertain'd,
And safe restor'd me to my native land.
Is this the promis'd, long expected coast;
And this the faith *Phæacia*'s rulers boast?
Oh righteous Gods! of all the great, how few
Are just to heav'n, and to their promise true!
But he the pow'r, to whose all-seeing eyes
The deeds of men appear without disguise,
'Tis his alone, t'avenge the wrongs I bear;
For still th' oppress'd are his peculiar care:
To count these presents, and from thence to prove
Their faith, is mine, the rest belongs to *Jove*.

Then on the sands he rang'd his wealthy store,
The gold, the vests, the tripods number'd o'er;

All

All these he found, but still, in error lost,
 Disconsolate he wanders on the coast :
 Sighs for his country ; and laments again
 To the deaf rocks, and hoarse-resounding main.
 When lo ! the guardian Goddess of the wife,
 Celestial *Pallas*, stood before his eyes ;
 In show a youthful swain, of form divine,
 Who seem'd descended from some princely line :
 A graceful robe her slender body drest,
 Around her shoulders flew the waving vest,
 Her decent hand a shining javelin bore,
 And painted sandals on her feet she wore :
 To whom the King : Whoe'er of human race
 Thou art, that wander'st in this desert place,
 With joy to thee, as to some God, I bend,
 To thee my treasures and my self commend.
 O tell a wretch, in exile doom'd to stray,
 What air I breath, what country I survey ?
 The fruitful continent's extreamest bound,
 Or some fair isle which *Neptune's* arms surround ?

From what far clime (said she) remote from fame,
 Arriv'st thou here, a stranger to our name ?

Thou

Thou seest an island, not to those unknown,
 Whose hills are brighten'd by the rising sun;
 Nor those that plac'd beneath his utmost reign,
 Behold him sinking in the western main.
 The rugged soil allows no level space
 For flying chariots, or the rapid race;
 Yet not ungrateful to the peasant's pain,
 Suffices fulness to the swelling grain;
 The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
 And clust'ring grapes afford a gen'rous juice;
 Woods crown our mountains, and in ev'ry grove
 The bounding goats and frisking heifers rove;
 Soft rains and kindly dews refresh the field,
 And rising springs eternal verdure yield.
 Ev'n to those shores is *Ithaca* renown'd,
 Where *Troy's* majestic ruins strow the ground.

At this, the chief with transport was possess'd,
 His panting heart exulted in his breast:
 Yet well dissembling his untimely joys,
 And veiling truth in plausible disguise;
 Thus, with an air sincere, in fiction bold,
 His ready tale th' inventive hero told.

Oft' have I heard in *Crete* this island's name,
For 'twas from *Crete*, my native soil, I came;
Self-banish'd thence, I sail'd before the wind,
And left my children and my friends behind.
From fierce *Idomeneus*' revenge I flew,
Whose son, the swift *Orsilochus*, I slew,
(With brutal force he seiz'd my *Trojan* prey,
Due to the toils of many a bloody day.)
Unseen I 'scap'd; and, favour'd by the night,
In a *Phœnician* vessel took my flight;
For *Pyle* or *Elis* bound; but tempests tost,
And raging billows drove us on your coast:
In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land;
But 'ere the rosy morn renew'd the day,
While in th' embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,
Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,
They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails,
Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore,
A hapless exile on a foreign shore.

Thus while he spoke, the blue-ey'd maid began
With pleasing smiles to view the godlike man;

Then

Then chang'd her form, and now divinely bright
 Jove's heav'nly daughter stood confess'd to fight,
 Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
 Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.

O still the same *Ulysses*! she rejoin'd,
 In useful craft successfully refin'd;
 Artful in speech, in action, and in mind!
 Suffic'd it not, that thy long labours past
 Secure thou seest thy native shore at last?
 But this to me? who, like thy self excell
 In arts of counsel, and dissembling well:
 To me, whose wit exceeds the pow'rs divine,
 No less, than mortals are surpass'd by thine:
 Know'st thou not me, who made thy life my care,
 Thro' ten years wandring, and thro' ten years war;
 Who taught thee arts, *Alcinous* to persuade,
 To raise his wonder, and engage his aid?
 And now appear, thy treasures to protect,
 Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,
 And tell what more thou must from fate expect;
 Domestic woes, far heavier to be born,
 The pride of fools, and slaves insulting scorn.

But

But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state,
Yield to the force of unresisted fate,
And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base mankind,
The last and hardest conquest of the mind.

(Goddeſs of wiſdom! (*Ithacus* replies)

He who diſcerns thee muſt be truly wiſe,
So ſeldom view'd, and ever in diſguiſe.

When the bold *Argives* led their warring pow'rs
Againſt proud *Ilion's* well-defended tow'rs,
Ulyſſes was thy care, ceſtial maid,

Grac'd with thy ſight, and favour'd with thy aid:

But when the *Trojan* piles in aſhes lay,

And, bound for *Greece*, we plow'd the watry way;

Our fleet diſpers'd, and driv'n from coaſt to coaſt;

Thy ſacred preſence from that hour I loſt;

Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,

And heard thy counſels on *Phæacia's* ſhore.

But by th' almighty author of thy race,

Tell me, oh tell, is this my native place?

For much I fear, long tracts of land and ſea

Divide this coaſt from diſtant *Ithaca*.

The sweet delusion kindly you impose,
To sooth my hopes and mitigate my woes.

Thus he: The blue-ey'd Goddess thus replies:
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise?
Who vers'd in fortune, fear the flatt'ring show,
And taste not half the bliss the Gods bestow.
The more shall *Pallas* aid thy just desires,
And guard the wisdom which her self inspires.
Others, long absent from their native place,
Strait seek their home, and fly with eager pace,
To their wives arms, and childrens dear embraces,
Not thus *Ulysses*; he decrees to prove
His subjects faith, and Queens suspected love,
Who mourn'd her Lord twice ten revolving years,
And wastes the days in grief, the nights in tears.
But *Pallas* knew (thy friends and navy lost)
Once more 'twas giv'n thee to behold thy coast:
Yet how could I with adverse fate engage,
And mighty *Neptune's* unrelenting rage?—
Now lift thy longing eyes, while I restore
The pleasing prospect of thy native shore!

Behold the port of *Phorcys*, fenc'd around
 With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd!
 Behold the gloomy Grot, whose cool recess
 Delights the *Nereids* of the neighb'ring seas;
 Whose now neglected altars in thy reign
 Blush'd with the blood of sheep and oxen slain.
 Behold where *Neritus* the clouds divides,
 And shakes the waving forests on his sides!

So spake the Goddess, and the prospect clear'd,
 The mists dispers'd, and all the coast appear'd:
 The King with joy confess'd his place of birth,
 And, on his knees, salutes his mother earth;
 Then, with his suppliant hands upheld in air,
 Thus to the sea-green sisters sends his pray'r.

All hail! Ye virgin daughters of the main;
 Ye streams, beyond my hopes beheld again!
 To you once more your own *Ulysses* bows,
 Attend his transports, and receive his vows.
 If *Jove* prolong my days, and *Pallas* crown
 The growing virtues of my youthful son,
 To you shall rites divine be ever paid,
 And grateful off'rings on your altars laid.

THE
GARDENS
OF
ALCINOUS.

From the SEVENTH Book of

HOMER's ODYSSEES.

CLOSE to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended, and inclement skies;
Four acres was th'allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around.
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mold;
The red'ning apple ripens here to gold,
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,

The

The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.

The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:

Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise:

The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear
With all th' united labours of the year,

Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun,

Others to tread the liquid harvest join,

The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.

Here are the vines in early flow'r descry'd,

Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,

And there in autumn's richest purple dy'd.

Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd;
This thro' the gardens leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:

While

While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The People one, and one supplies the King.

MISCELLANIES

BE AM IS

Several Occasions.

S f f f

MISCEL

While that in pipes beneath the palace flows
 And thence its current on the town bestows;
 To various use their various streams they bring,
 The People one, and one supplies the King.

On

The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
 The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear
 With all th' united labours of the year;

Some to unload the foaming clusters in the bin,
 Others to tread the liquid harvest join.

The graining presses foam with floods of wine.

Here are the vines in early flow'r display'd.

Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side.

And there in autumn's richest purple dy'd.

Beds of all various herbs for ever green.

In beautiful order terminate the scene.

Two plentiful fountains the whole prospect crown'd.

This into the gardens leads its streights around.

MISCELL

MISCELLANIES

ON

Several Occasions.

In a sadly-pleasing strain

Let the warbling lute complain:

Let the loud trumpet found,

Fill the roofs all around

The shrill echoes rebound:

While in more lengthen'd tones and slow,

The deep, majestic, solemn organs flow.

Text

Mark

MISCELLANIES



Several Occasions.

ODE for MUSIC

O N

St. C E C I L I A's Day.

I.

DEscend ye nine! descend and sing;
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the founding lyre!

In a sadly-pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain:

Let the loud trumpet sound,
 Till the roofs all around

The shrill echos rebound:

While in more lengthen'd notes and flow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

T t t t

Hark!

Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding Lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head;
Morpheus rowzes from his bed;

Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
Ev'n giddy Factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the *Thracian* rais'd his strain,
While *Argo* saw her kindred trees
Descend from *Pelion* to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade;
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds
Which flaming *Phlegeton* furrounds,

Sad

Sad *Orpheus* fought his comfort lost ;
Th' inexorable gates were barr'd,
And nought was seen, and nought was heard
 Around the dreary coast,
 But dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans,
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts.
But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;
And see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
 See shady forms advance !
Thy stone, O *Sisyphus*, stands still ;
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance !
The furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow

O'er

O'er th' *Elysian* flow'rs,
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of *Asphodel*,
Or *Amaranthine* bow'rs :
By the hero's armed shades
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore *Eurydice* to life ;
Oh take the husband, or return the wife !
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's pray'r ;
Stern *Proserpine* relented,
And gave him back the fair.

Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious ?
Tho' fate had fast bound her
With *Styx* nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where *Hebrus* wanders,
 Rolling in *Mæanders*,

All alone,

Unheard, unknown,

He makes his moan;

And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost!

Now with furies surrounded,

Despairing, confounded,

He trembles, he glows,

Amidst *Rhodope's* snows:

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;

Hark! *Hæmus* resounds with the *Bacchanals* cries—

----Ah see, he dies!

Yet

Yet ev'n in death *Eurydice* he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest griefs can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine *Cecilia* found,
And to her maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Born on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And Angels lean from heav'n to hear!

Of *Orpheus* now no more let Poets tell,
 To bright *Cecilia* greater pow'r is giv'n;
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

TWO CHORUS'S to the Tragedy of
Brutus, not yet publick.

Chorus of *Athenians*.

Strophe I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught;
Where heav'nly visions *Plato* fir'd,
And godlike *Zeno* lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood,
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses shades.

Antistrophe I.

Oh heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral *Truth*, and mystic *Song*!

X x x x

To

To what new clime, what distant sky,
 Forfaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
 Say, will ye bless the bleak *Atlantic* shore,
 Or bid the furious *Gaul* be rude no more?

Strophe 2.

When *Athens* sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild *Barbarians* spurn her dust;
 Perhaps ev'n *Britain's* utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore,
 See arts her savage sons controul,
 An *Athens* rising near the pole!
 Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

Antistrophe 2.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball?
 Freedom and Arts together fall;
 Fools grant what'er ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state!
 Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some *Athens* perishes, some *Tully* bleeds.

Chorus

Chorus of Youths and Virgins.

Semichorus.

O H tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?

Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.

Love, soft intruder, enters here,
But entering learns to be sincere.

Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
And *Brutus* tenderly reproveth.

Why, virtue, dost thou blame desire,
Which nature has impress'd?

Why, nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and gen'rous breast?

Chorus.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
The Gods, and *Brutus* bend to love:

Brutus for absent *Portia* sighs,
And sterner *Cassius* melts at *Junia's* eyes.

What

What is loose love? a transient gust,

Spent in a sudden storm of lust;

A vapour fed from wild desire,

A wandring, self-consuming fire.

But *Hymen's* flames like stars unite;

And burn for ever one;

Chaste as cold *Cynthia's* virgin light,

Productive as the Sun.

Semichorus.

Oh source of ev'ry social tie,

United wish, and mutual joy!

What various joys on one attend,

As son, as father, brother, husband, friend?

Whether his hoary fire he spies,

While thousand grateful thoughts arise;

Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;

Or views his smiling progeny;

What tender passions take their turns,

What home-felt raptures move?

His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,

With rev'rence, hope, and love.

Chorus.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmizes,
False oaths, false tears, deceits, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes;
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine:
Purest love's unwaisting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
Sacred *Hymen*! these are thine.

Y y y y

VERSES

VERSES

To the MEMORY of an UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHat beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
 'Tis she! —but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
 Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
 Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
 To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
 To act a Lover's or a *Roman's* part?
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
 Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

Ambition

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes ;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods :
Thence to their Images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows !
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull fullen pris'ners in the body's cage :
Dim lights of life that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;
Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd in their own palace sleep.

From these perhaps (e'er nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below ;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her Race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood !
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death :
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

Thus,

Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herbes shall besiege your gates.
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'ral's blacken all the way)
Lo these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in fable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,

And

And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the publick show?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?

What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung;
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;

Z z z z

Then

Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dinge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast;
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While Angels with their silver wings o'erhade
 The ground now sacred by thy reliques made
 So peaceful rests without a stone a name

What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame,
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
 Poets themselves must fall like those they sung;
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue,
 Ev'n he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;

Then

X x x

To

To Mr. *F E R V A S*,

WITH

FRESNOY'S Art of PAINTING,

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN.

THIS verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art, and *Dryden's* native fire:
And reading with, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name,
Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of Sister-arts we came,
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
 Like friendly colours found our arts unite,
 And each from each contract new strength and light.
 How oft' in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
 While summer suns roll unperceiv'd away?
 How oft' our slowly-growing works impart,
 While images reflect from art to art?
 How oft' review; each finding like a friend
 Something to blame, and something to commend?
 What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
 Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
 Together o'er the *Alps* methinks we fly,
 Fir'd with ideas of fair *Italy*.
 With thee, on *Raphael's* Monument I mourn,
 Or wait inspiring dreams at *Maro's* Urn:
 With thee repose, where *Tully* once was laid,
 Or seek some ruin's formidable shade;
 While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
 And builds imaginary *Rome* a-new.
 Here thy well-study'd Marbles fix our eye;
 A fading Fresco here demands a sigh:

Each

Each heav'nly piece unweary'd we compare,
 Match *Raphael's* grace, with thy lov'd *Guido's* air,
Caracci's strength, *Correggio's* softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and *Titian's* warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
 This small, well-polish'd gem, the * work of years!
 Yet still how faint by precept is express'd
 The living image in the Painter's breast?
 Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
 Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
 An Angel's sweetness, or *Bridgwater's* eyes.

Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
 Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead:
 Call round her tomb each object of desire,
 Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
 The tender sister, daughter, friend and wife;
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
 Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

* Fresnoy employ'd above twenty years in finishing this Poem.

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry season fears,
Blossoms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus *Churchill's* race shall other hearts surprize,
And other Beauties envy *Wortley's* eyes,
Each pleasing *Blount* shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft *Belinda's* blush for ever glow.

Oh lasting as those colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line!
New graces yearly, like thy works, display;
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains!
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breath an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll,
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;

With

With *Zeuxis' Helen* thy *Bridgwater* vie,
And these be sung till *Granville's Myra* die ;
Alas ! how little from the grave we claim ?
Thou but preserv'st a Form, and I a Name.

To a YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE

WORKS of VOITURE.

IN these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;
His easy art may happy nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flattery pleas'd the fair, and great;
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred;
His heart, his mistress and his friend did share;
His time, the Muse, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Chearful, he play'd the trifle, life, away,

Till

Till death scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,
 As smiling infants sport themselves to rest:
 Ev'n rival wits did *Voiture's* fate deplore,
 And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
 The truest hearts for *Voiture* heav'd with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes;
 The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in *Voiture's* death,
 But that for ever in his lines they breath.

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
 A long, exact, and serious comedy,
 In ev'ry scene some moral let it teach,
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach:
 Let mine, like *Voiture's*, a gay farce appear,
 And more diverting still than regular,
 Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace;
 No matter for the rules of time and place,
 Criticks in wit, or life, are hard to please,
 Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,
 Severe to all, but most to womankind;
 Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
 Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride.

B b b b b

By

By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame;
 Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
 Marriage may all those petty tyrants chafe,
 But sets up one, a greater, in their place;
 Well might you wish for change, by those accurst,
 But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
 Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
 Or bound in formal, or in real chains;
 Whole years neglected for some months ador'd,
 The fawning servant turns a haughty Lord;
 Ah quit not the free innocence of life,
 For the dull glory of a virtuous wife!
 Nor let false shows, or empty titles please,
 Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The Gods, to curse *Pamela* with her prayers,
 Gave the gilt coach and dappled *Flanders* mares,
 The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
 And, to compleat her bliss, a fool for mate.
 She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,
 A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing!
 Pride, pomp, and state but reach her outward part,
 She sighs, and is no Dutchess at her heart.

By

3

B p p p

But,

But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too,
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those, age or sickness, soon or late, disarms;
Good humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past:
Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day,
As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn;
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn:
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus * *Voiture*'s early care still shone the same,
And *Monthausier* was only chang'd in name;
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle, on th'*Elysian* coast,
Amidst those lovers, joys his gentle ghost:
Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer *Ramboillet* in you.

* *Mademoiselle Paulet.*

The brightest eyes of *France* inspir'd his Muse,
 The brightest eyes of *Britain* now peruse,
 And dead as living, 'tis our author's pride,
 Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

Good humour only teaches charms to last
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;
 Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay
 Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day
 As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn;
 A morning's pleasure, and an evening's torn;
 This binds in ties more early, yet more strong,
 The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus * Voltaire's early care still shone the same
 And *Montanier* was only chang'd in name;
 By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
 Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.
 Now crown'd with myrtle, on th' *Elysian* coast,
 Amidst those lovers joys his gentle ghost
 Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
 And finds a fairer *Rambouillet* in you.

To the same,

On her leaving the Town after the
Coronation.

AS some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholsom country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever.
Thus from the world fair *Zephalinda* flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
She sigh'd not that They stay'd, but that She went.

She went, to plain-work and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks,
She went from Op'ra, park, affembly, play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;

C c c c c

To

To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary Tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the flow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;
Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack,
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries--No words!
Or with his hound comes hollowing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things---but his horse.

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
See Coronations rise on ev'ry green,
Before you pass th' imaginary fights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights;
While

While the spread Fan o'er shades your closing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.

Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls.

So when your slave, at some dear, idle time,
(Not plagu'd with headaches, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you:
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of *Parthenissa* rise,
G---y pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite;
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight;
Vext to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look sow'r, and hum a song---as you may now.

*On a FAN of the Author's design, in which
was painted the story of Cephalus and
Procris, with the Motto, Aura veni.*

Come, gentle Air! th' *Æolian* shepherd said,
While *Procris* panted in the secret shade;
Come, gentle Air, the fairer *Delia* cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In *Delia's* hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities *Procris*, while her lover dies.

*On SILENCE, in imitation of the style
of the late E. of R.*

I.

Silence! coeval with Eternity;
Thou wert, e'er nature first began to be,
'Twas one vast nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, e'er heav'n was form'd or earth,
E'er fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

D d d d d

V.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft' in vain ;
 Lost in the maze of words, he turns again,
 And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentler reign.

VI.

Afflicted sense thou kindly dost set free,
 Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
 And routed reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest dulness lies,
 And in thy bosom lurks in thought's disguise ;
 Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise !

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest ;
 Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
 And 'tis in thee at last that wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
 The only honour of the wishing dame ;
 Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

X.

But cou'dst thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How Church and State wou'd be oblig'd to thee?
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome wou'dst thou be?

XI.

Yet speech, ev'n there, submissively withdraws
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause;
Then pompous silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What Fav'rites gain, and what th' Exchequer owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o'th' gown,
Are best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The Parson's cant, the Lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, Critic's jest; all end in thee,
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

E P I T A P H.

A pleasing form, a firm, yet cautious mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent, constant, yet resign'd;
Honour unchang'd, a principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest;
An honest Courtier, and a Patriot too,
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true;
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth;
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A gen'rous faith, from superstition free,
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was; who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

PROLOGUE,

P R O L O G U E

T O

Mr. *ADDISON*'s Tragedy

O F

C A T O .

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
 To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
 For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move,
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
 In pitying love we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.

E e e e e

Here

Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears, as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth *Roman* drops from *British* eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What *Plato* thought, and godlike *Cato* was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure heav'n itself surveys;
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state!
While *Cato* gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his Country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud *Cæsar* 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain and impotently great,
Show'd *Rome* her *Cato*'s figure drawn in state;
As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceas'd---Tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The World's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;

Her

Her last good man dejected *Rome* ador'd,
And honour'd *Cæsar*'s less than *Cato*'s sword.

Britains attend: Be worth like this approv'd,
And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd *Cato* view'd
Rome learning arts from *Greece*, whom she subdu'd;
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On *French* translation, and *Italian* song.

Dare to have sense your selves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such Plays alone should please a *British* ear,
As *Cato*'s self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO

FANE SHORE.

Design'd for Mrs. OLDFIELD.

P Rodigious this ! the Frail one of our Play
 From her own sex should mercy find to day !
 You might have held the pretty head aside,
 Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
 The Play may pass---but that strange creature, *Shore*,
 I can't---indeed now---I so hate a whore---
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
 And thanks his stars he was not born a fool ;
 So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
 " How strangely you expose your self, my dear ?
 But let me die, all raillery apart,
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart ;

And

And did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul, they sin:
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues, a reserve of vice.

The godly dame who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams,
Wou'd you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with finners.

Well, if our author in the Wife offends,
He has a Husband that will make amends.
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern *Cato's* self was no relentless spouse:
Plu---*Plutarch*, what's his name that writes his life?
Tells us, that *Cato* dearly lov'd his wife:
Yet if a friend a night, or so, should need her,
He'd recommend her, as a special breeder.

F f f f f

To

To lend a wife, few here would scruple make,
 But pray which of you all would take her back?
 Tho' with the Stoick chief our stage may ring,
 The Stoick husband was the glorious thing,
 The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
 And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
 Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the City:
 There, many an honest man may copy *Cato*,
 Who ne'er saw naked Sword, or look'd in *Plato*.
 If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
 That *Edward's* Mifs thus perks it in your face,
 To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
 In all the rest so impudently good;
 Faith, let the modest matrons of the town,
 Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.

Occasion'd

*Occasion'd by some VERSES of his Grace
the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.*

MUSE, 'tis enough : at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live; for *Buckingham* commends.
Let crowds of criticks now my verse assail,
Let *D---s* write, and nameless numbers rail :
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain;
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting *Phœbus* bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

ELOISA

To find a way to show how much I love
the great world, and how much I love
the great world, and how much I love
Occasion, by some Verse of his Grace
the Duke of Buckingham
And how much I love the great world

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends
And thou shalt live for Buckingham's commands
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail;
Let D—r write, and numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thanks and pain;
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain:
Shall approve, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.
21 M 58

THE ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and ELOISA flourished in the twelfth Century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for some years before their separation, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend which contained the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned the celebrated letters (out of which the following is chiefly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

ABELARD.

G g g g g

The ARGUMENT.

A Belard and Eloisa flourish'd in the twelfth Century; they were two of the most distinguish'd persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of Calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend which contain'd the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasion'd those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.



ELOISA

88888

ELOISA

TO

ABELARD.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heav'nly-pensive, contemplation dwells,
 And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
 What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
 Yet, yet I love!----From *Abelard* it came,
 And *Eloisa* yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
 Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd.
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
 Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies.

Oh

Oh write it not, my hand---The name appears
Already written---wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost *Eloisa* weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying faints, whose statues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd, and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot my self to stone.
Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages, taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloze,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear,
I tremble too where-e'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
 Led thro' a sad variety of woe:
 Now warm in love, now with'ring in thy bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
 There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
 There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Griefs to thy griefs, and eccho sighs to thine.
 Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away.
 And is my *Abelard* less kind than they?
 Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
 Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
 No happier task these faded eyes pursue,
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
 Ah more than share it! give me all thy grief.
 Heav'n first taught letters for some wretches aid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
 The virgins wish without her fears impart,
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,

H h h h h

Speed

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from *Indus* to the *Pole*.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of Angelick kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day:
Guiltless I gaz'd; heav'n listen'd while you sung;
And truths * divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love.
Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
Nor envy them, that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft', when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made?
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;

Before

* He was her Preceptor in Philosophy and Divinity.

Before true passion all those views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires;
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for ought but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
Not *Cæsar's* empress wou'd I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:
All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
No craving Void left aking in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought e'er from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of *Abelard* and me.

Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise?
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!

Where,

Where, where was *Eloise*? her voice, her hand,
Her ponyard, had oppos'd the dire command;
Barbarian stay! that bloody hand restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress,
Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.
Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon' altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the Cross my eyes were fix'd, but you;
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,

Pant

Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be prest;
 Give all thou canst---and let me dream the rest.
 Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit *Abelard* for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserve thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
 You * rais'd these hallow'd walls: the desert smil'd,
 And Paradise was open'd in the Wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
 No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
 Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
 But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
 In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,

* *He founded the Monastery.*

Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light,
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
 See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
 (Oh pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
 But why should I on others pray'rs depend?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
 Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
 And, all those tender names in one, thy love!
 The darksome pines that o'er yon' rocks reclin'd
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wandring streams that flume between the hills,
 The grotts that eccho to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
 But o'er the twilight groves, and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,

Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait, till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new:

Now

Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
 Of all, affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
 How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
 How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love?
 Unequal task! a passion to resign,
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
 E'er such a soul regains its peaceful state;
 How often must it love, how often hate!
 How often, hope, despair, repent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain---do all things but forget.
 But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,
 Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
 Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, my self---and you.
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.
 How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot?
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
 ' Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
 Desires compos'd, affections ever even,
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
 And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For her the Spouse prepares the bridal ring,
 For her white virgins *Hymenæals* sing;
 For her th' unfading rose of *Eden* blooms,
 And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes;
 To sounds of heav'nly harps, she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
 Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
 When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
 Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
 Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
 All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
 O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!

K k k k k

Provoking

Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,
 And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
 And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
 I wake---no more I hear, no more I view,
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
 I call aloud; it hears not what I say;
 I stretch my empty arms; it glides away:
 To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
 Alas no more!--methinks we wandring go
 Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe;
 Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
 Sudden you mount; you becken from the skies;
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
 Thy life a long, dead calm of fix'd repose;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.

Provoking

K k k k k

Still

Still as the sea, e'er winds were taught to blow;
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come *Abelard*! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of *Venus* burns not for the dead;
Cut from the root my perish'd joys I see,
And love's warm tyde for ever stopt in thee.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet *Eloisa* loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where-e'er I turn my view,
The dear Ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes!
I waste the Matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me,
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the Censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul;

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
 Priests, Tapers, Temples, swim before my sight:
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
 While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
 Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
 While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
 And dawning grace is opening on my soul.
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
 Oppose thy self to heav'n; dispute my heart;
 Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes,
 Blot out each bright Idea of the skies.
 Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears,
 Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs,
 Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode,
 Assist the Fiends and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me! far as Pole from Pole;
 Rise *Alps* between us! and whole oceans roll!
 Ah come not, write not, think not once of me,
 Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
 Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign,
 Forget, renounce me; hate whate'er was mine.

Fair

Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas! all adieu!
O grace serene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!
See in her Cell sad *Eloisa* spread,
Propt in some tomb, a neighbour of the dead!
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
Come, sister come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
Thy place is here, sad sister come away!
Once like thy self, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear:
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.

L I I I I

I come,

I come, ye ghosts! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
 Celestial palms, and ever blooming flow'rs.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow.
 Thou, *Abelard*! the last sad office pay,
 And smoothe my passage to the realms of day:
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch the flying soul!
 Ah no---in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once-lov'd *Eloisa* see!
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
 Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath, be o'er;
 And ev'n my *Abelard* belov'd no more.
 O death all-eloquent! you only prove
 What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.
 Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)

In

In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
 Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round,
 From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
 And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May ^{*}one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame.
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
 If ever chance two wandring lovers brings
 To *Paraclete's* white walls, and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds,
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!
 From the full quire when loud *Hosanna's* rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
 Glance on the stone where our cold reliques lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.

* Abelard and Eloisa were interr'd in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monastery of the *Paraclete*: He died in the year 1142, she in 1163.

And sure if fate some future Bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more,
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
 The well-sung woes shall sooth my pensive ghost;
 He best can paint 'em, who shall feel 'em most.

